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THE
Commonweal

Walter Dean Burnham

The Goldwaterite Revolution

Black Belt, Alabama — Jerry DeMuth

Genocide in Sudan — Gary MacEoin

My Friend, the Titoist — Adolph Schalk

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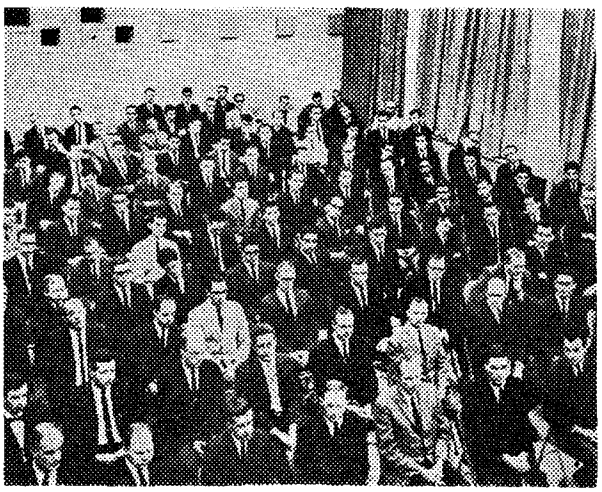

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

A Chance for Confrontation

EVERY Presidential election poses special problems. The most difficult is always a highly speculative one: what would actually happen if candidate X was elected rather than candidate Y, and vice-versa? There are some good reasons why such a question is difficult to answer. It is difficult to predict what transformation the actual exercise of power would bring about in a candidate's thinking. It is difficult to know what weight to give to a party's political platform as an index of the future behavior of a successful candidate. It is difficult to forecast the course of those external events of history which inevitably will have much to do with the response of a President to specific events calling for a practical judgment. There are no crystal balls which will remove uncertainty on these points.

That means one must turn to a more mundane tool for evaluation of a candidate: fallible reason working on the material at hand. In the case of President Johnson and Senator Goldwater the material is plentiful: past voting records in Congress, causes publicly professed, alliances formed, the traditional orientations of the policies of their parties, knowledge of the kind of support they need to win an election, and so on. In the instance of President Johnson, of course, there are better grounds for making some guesses about the future; he at least has held office. But even in his case, the present Administration remains a mixture of Johnson-Kennedy, not one wholly shaped by the thinking and principles of President Johnson.

Yet a judgment of the past performances of the candidates, an analysis of their professed positions, and an evaluation of the political forces likely to shape their actions is only part of the problem in choosing one candidate over another. No less important are the values the voter brings with him in looking at the information at hand. The information will only have significance in terms of these values. And as difficult as it is to get pertinent information, it is far more difficult still to intelligently frame a set of values by which to sort it out and find its relevance.

IDEALLY, a Presidential election campaign should be the occasion for a national examination of conscience, an occasion, that is, when the electorate looks long and hard at its values, measuring at the same time the degree to which they have been acted upon. An important claim of Senator Goldwater's supporters is that, for once, the voters are being offered a real choice, a real confrontation of values, a real prospect of significant political change. The unwillingness of the Goldwater forces to compromise with liberal Republicans at the convention helps to lend substance to this claim. To that extent, at least, the ground has been partially prepared for a discussion of national values and political principles; the emergence of the Democratic platform in late August and President Johnson's choice of a running mate will, hopefully, complete the preparatory process.

We say "hopefully," for it is as yet by no means certain that the Democratic party will seek a genuine confrontation of conflicting values. As much as we admire President Johnson's energy in office, and the skill of his management of congressional forces, there are some disturbing signs that he is already seeking to steal some of the thunder from conservative Republicans. His foreign aid request was a minimal one; his continuing talk about governmental economy is hardly inspiring when there are so many vital programs calling for increased federal funds; his dispatching of federal agents to Harlem had just a shade too much emphasis on the Goldwater clarion of "law and order" to be wholly impressive; his courting of the business community and hints of further tax cuts are not altogether consistent with his avowed war on poverty. Finally, the President and his party will be sorely tempted

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not to offend potential Southern voters any more than is politically expedient to insure Northern support.

To hope for a genuine confrontation of values in the coming campaign is, we confess, to hope for what can only be painful. Nonetheless, we think it necessary. Senator Goldwater has so far done his part. It now remains for the Democrats first of all and then for the people not to let the occasion pass. Much will be at stake.

Racial Violence

WHETHER the press predictions of racial violence during this "long, hot summer" were actually what C. Wright Mills used to call "self-fulfilling prophecies" is at least open to question. The option of violence in a slum like Harlem is always a live one, and if you tell the people who live in the slum over and over that they will very likely erupt sometime during the oppressive heat of summer, you strengthen the likelihood that your prediction is correct.

But it is no fairer to single out the press than it is to single out the Communist Party, the City of New York or Black Nationalists. If the immediate causes of the violence are elusive, the basic cause is quite clear: American Negroes are simply demanding basic rights and opportunities that should have been granted a century ago. All revolutions, it has been said, occur when the fortunes of the oppressed are on the upswing—when the taste of success creates a greater hunger for complete and immediate justice.

To the question of what can be done about the Harlem riots, the answer must be "everything—and nothing." The outbreaks were essentially leaderless, even contemptuous of well-established civil rights figures like Bayard Rustin. Attempts by the Mayor to establish a broad-based responsible group, including the Black Nationalists, seem to have come to very little. The time-honored recourse for dealing with trouble in Harlem—more police and a firmer hand—only adds to the problem. The things that are necessary: serious attacks on the structural problems of unemployment, slum housing and slum schools, cannot be accomplished quickly enough to tamp down further violence this summer. And the first steps toward legitimate reform look to most Negroes suspiciously like the tentative and largely fraudulent efforts usually made to put down outbreaks with the smallest possible inconvenience to the white community.

The only answer to Harlem is to eliminate it as a slum. There is simply no time left for partial measures. The human tragedy that feeds on itself in Harlem and other seething ghettos is of cosmic proportions, but as many articulate Negroes have pointed out in the last few weeks, it is clearly within the power of the white community to end it. Only by focusing on the structural problems, and not the violence, and by drawing as many Negro leaders as possible into a full-scale program of rehabilitation, can the current crisis be met. And this can only be done while Harlem is still in a mood to pay attention to these leaders at all. Behind the racial crisis is the national political crisis, and the predictions that the "white backlash" may incense enough whites to throw the election to Goldwater. As long as many newspapers talk as though the only options are violence in the streets and Senator Goldwater, this too may turn out to be another self-fulfilling prophecy.

Delegates, Not Dollars

REPORTS from Texas indicate that many ranchers and oilmen who contributed funds this year to the Republican party did so in a manner which raises questions not so much of ethics but of healthy political practice. These contributors, most of them usually Democrats but attracted to a Goldwater candidacy, either placed their donations in special escrow accounts to be released July 31—*if* Goldwater were nominated—or simply post-dated their checks so that the contributions could be revoked were someone else to win in San Francisco. One Goldwater fund-raiser declared that this tactic was designed to "hold an ax" over the Republican convention. Obviously it did not; the amount of money thus contributed was not so great, nor did the delegates at San Francisco appear interested in such mundane matters as campaign funds.

Nevertheless, the technique of contributing to the party funds earmarked for a particular candidate *before* the party convention ought to be considered carefully. The possibility of raising campaign money has always been an element in party leaders' choice of candidates. In a sense, then, the Texas contrib-

SUMMER SCHEDULE

In keeping with the usual practice, The Commonweal will again appear on alternate weeks from the middle of July to the middle of September. Forthcoming issues will be dated August 21, September 4 and September 18. From then on The Commonweal will resume its normal weekly printing schedule.

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utors only did formally what has long been done informally. The difference, however, is important. Institutionalizing the informal offers of financial aid which have always been part of the political scene makes it possible for party leaders to calculate accurately what previously they could only more or less shrewdly estimate and further tends to increase competition among possible nominees to prove themselves outstanding as campaign money-earners. The role of contributors in influencing party nominations grows considerably when a candidate can arrive at the convention not only with a certain number of delegates in his column but also with a precise number of dollars in his pocket.

In local, state, and even congressional elections, who gets on the ballot is often a question of whose candidacy will result in the largest campaign warchest. This unfortunate system of nomination-by-dollars is, of course, already at work on the national level but in no way should it be encouraged or entrenched. The use of pre-convention escrow accounts and post-dated checks—although insignificant at present—threatens to do precisely this.

NEWS & VIEWS

Postscript on L. A.

FATHER William DuBay, the priest who attacked Cardinal McIntyre, has been transferred from his predominately Negro parish to a Goldwater parish in Orange County, not far from Disneyland. From the chancery's point of view, he is being shifted from a parish where preaching on race can't do much harm, to one where it can't do much good. The transfer was punitive but not harsh—in Los Angeles a Goldwater parish is not considered a backwater, or even a demotion, and at any rate the official line is that Father DuBay was not so much a conscious defector as he was a victim of bad companions.

The chancery has moved a degree or two in the wake of the public outcry. Cardinal McIntyre put out a statement hailing the new civil rights law as a "concrete expression of the conscience of all men of good will"—a judgment withheld while the fate of the bill was in the balance. The statement referred to "those moral principles" enshrined in the new law, although the principles went undiscerned the previous two years while the Cardinal was avoiding comment on the bill as a "political" and not a "moral" issue. The editorial cartoon in the *Tidings*, normally reserved for menacing portraits of Khrushchev and studies of the Supreme Court chopping down the tree of liberty, also hailed the new law as a moral triumph.

Otherwise the ways of the chancery remain intact. When a meeting of the West Coast Catholic Interracial Councils was announced in San Francisco, the chancery wrote for—and got—a complete list of those attending from Los Angeles. The information went into the chancery dossiers. One nun on the list was telephoned and told flatly not to attend.

The chancery also brought about cancellation of talks to be given in the Los Angeles area by Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts, S.J., the English prelate who was formerly Archbishop of Bombay. The talks were to center on *Pacem in Terris*, and as a courtesy to the Cardinal, Archbishop Roberts had asked if there were any specific topics the Archdiocese would like him to avoid. The Cardinal wrote back forbidding him to come at all. "Visitors from abroad have been speaking at some of our colleges in California recently, some of them prelates," the Cardinal wrote, "and the result has been much confusion." In a tactic known locally as "suppressing the suppression," the chancery first denied any knowledge of the affair, but the Catholic Human Relations Council, which has now abandoned any hope of getting along with the Cardinal, dug up the documentation and put out a press release. The feeling among the dissidents in the Archdiocese is that the suppression will continue, but that from now on, one way or another, it will all come out in public.

A member of Catholics United for Racial Equality (CURE) recently released to CBS Television the names of sixteen priests who supposedly supported Father DuBay. The names were broadcast, without permission and without checking, and had the natural effect of further undercutting clerical support for interracial efforts in general, and CURE in particular.

CURE, which has attacked the Cardinal sharply for more than a year, has prepared a song sheet of anti-McIntyre songs, including a version of "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right out of My Hair." The ugliness of some of the emotions raised by life under the Cardinal is hardly veiled at all.

Father John Coffield, who was banished from the diocese for ninety days on the suspicion that he had something to do with the DuBay case, is sitting out his exile in Arizona, under the surveillance of a Jesuit. Now that the sentence has been carried out, there is some talk of getting him a trial or a hearing, but nothing official has been done.

And lest we think that the freedom of priests is shaky only in L.A., we have the case of Father John Griffin, late of Windsor, Ontario. Within a week after saying he thought Father DuBay had a case, he was quietly shipped east to the wilds of Newfoundland.

JOHN LEO

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The Man Who

LET ME MAKE my views quite clear at the outset. I am sure Senator Goldwater is sincere, and many of his supporters obviously have the best intentions in the world. It is not their fault that Senator Goldwater is the darling of the John Birch set. Nonetheless, I regard Senator Goldwater's capture of the Republican party as a political tragedy. If he were to win the Presidency, I would consider it a national disaster.

Normally I try to avoid political partisanship in my writing. Not this time, though. Governor Rockefeller of New York called Goldwater's views on extremism frightening. I agree.

What has happened to the Republican party does not represent merely a shift in political control from the Eastern or moderate wing to the mid-Western or conservative group, or from the "presidential" branch of the party to the "congressional." The GOP has fallen into the hands of crusading right-wing ideologues. For the first time since the days of Senator McCarthy, we face the prospect not of political debate but of ideological warfare. Issues will be presented, not in terms of better and best but in terms of good and evil. The aim will not be political victory; it will be the elimination of the opponent from public life.

I agree with those who say that Goldwater's success represents a vote against complexity, for simplism. Two of our most pressing domestic problems right now, for example, are civil rights and unemployment. Characteristically, Senator Goldwater's acceptance speech made no reference to either, nor to what he would do about them. At that the omission may have been quite apropos: Senator Goldwater would probably consider both civil rights and unemployment none of the federal government's business.

On foreign policy, too, the Goldwater speech reflected the ambivalence that has always plagued the right-wing. Communism, he said, must be made to "give way to the forces of freedom." As to how this was to be done we get no clue at all, and this lack of specifics is par for the right-wing course.

The Goldwaterites, like the McCarthyites before them, talk a great anti-Communist game. They oversimplify the Communist issue, of course, seeing it largely in military terms, and this is a serious flaw; even at that, though, they are more talk than anything else, for military anti-Communism takes money, and the right-wing has a still more binding commitment to reducing governmental expenditures. Given this fact, you can usually expect the right-wing "anti-Communist" of the McCarthyite or Goldwater stripe to vote "no" on genuinely anti-Communist legislation if it costs money, even legislation aimed at strengthening the military establishment.

Usually any party's candidate seeks to establish a broad consensus on which he can campaign. If Senator Goldwater has any such intention, it is certainly not clear in the contemptuous way his opponents' platform amendments were brushed aside or in his speech of acceptance. It was certainly not clear in his refusal to permit a condemnation even of that extremist group whose head called President Eisenhower a conscious agent of Communism.

Moderate Republicans tend to be unhappy with Mr. Eisenhower these days, but to me he emerged as the saddest figure of the Convention—a far more pathetic and defeated figure than either Governor Rockefeller or Governor Scranton. I doubt that Mr. Eisenhower wanted a Goldwater nomination—everything else aside, how could he favor a man who had rarely supported him and who referred to his Administration as a dime-store New Deal? However, he had pledged himself to neutrality more than a year ago in an effort to win an "open" convention, and he would not break his word, even when he saw how far from open the convention really was. Yet Mr. Eisenhower could hardly have been pleased with the outcome, and it is small wonder that his associates later reported him as feeling "very old" after the convention.

I do feel sorry for Mr. Eisenhower, then. But at the same time I sympathize with the feelings of his critics among the moderate Republicans of the Northeastern states. There is little doubt that many of them will go down to defeat on a Goldwater ticket, unless they can figure out some way of running independently of the national slate, and they can hardly be happy about this prospect. And if they do lose their positions of political power, what chance have they of winning back some voice in the GOP in 1968 even if Goldwater loses?

It is by no means sure, of course, that Senator Goldwater *will* lose. If all he had going for him were his oversimplified anti-Communism, I wouldn't worry too much. I find it hard to believe that a majority of the American people would normally trust Senator Goldwater with the final word on nuclear war; I certainly would not want to. But there is no predicting what the effect of the white backlash might be on the big city vote. In large part, the GOP's terror-in-the-streets campaign strikes me as an obvious effort to capitalize on racial fear among whites; it is a cheap and unworthy trick, and I am surprised that Senator Goldwater permits it. Nonetheless, the racial fears the Republicans are appealing to are real, and no man can predict how many votes the issue will make for Goldwater. For all our sakes, I hope Mr. Johnson takes nothing for granted during the campaign ahead. JAMES O'GARA

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The Moderates Almost Certainly Cannot Regain Control

The Goldwaterite Revolution

WALTER DEAN BURNHAM

A FUNNY THING happened to the Republican Party on the way to the Cow Palace: Barry Goldwater captured it. By purely peaceful and legal means he and his supporters have already effected what is almost certainly an irreversible revolution in American politics. Such revolutions have occurred just five times in the history of the Republic: in the years centering around 1800, 1828, 1860, 1896 and 1932. The election of 1964 will be the sixth, and like all its predecessors it will mark a decisive turning point in our political history. Years, if not decades, must pass before the full sweep of the profound changes which are now being unleashed can be intellectually digested or fully comprehended.

This Goldwaterite revolution has already shattered many long-standing precedents associated with the normal game of politics in the United States. The usual search for a candidate from a large, politically pivotal state has not been made. Despite the standard unity speeches, the usual search for some sort of consensus has not been made either.

The most extraordinary precedent-breaker of all is connected with Goldwater's position on the national ideological scale. With the critical proviso that both parties accept the unwritten rules and self-restaints of political democracy, it is an axiom of politics that any two-party system has an inherent bias toward moderate centrism. Each seeks to win the crucial vote of political moderates and independents within the existing *status quo,* and each election tends to reveal what the limits of current public consensus on domestic and international issues are. But it is precisely this urge toward the middle of the road which was overthrown at San Francisco. It is the purpose of those who won control there not to seek votes within the *status quo,* but to overthrow it. Thus the delegates chose the one man who stands even farther to the right than even the congressional wing of the party. Goldwater's acceptance speech, with its ringing endorsement of extremism "in the defense of liberty," was strictly a take-it-or-leave-it proposition. Those who wish to join his crusade are welcome. The others he brutally and publicly writes off.

This is altogether without precedent in the history of American politics. Even in 1896, William Jennings Bryan and his Western-Southern Populist coalition did not so abruptly discount in advance the support of huge segments of the American electorate. Even Bryan sought to find some centrist support for his interpretation of the issues of the day—which is why the Democrats ran more or less exclusively on the free-silver issue rather than on the whole platform of sweeping political reform advocated by their Populist fellow-travelers. What now seems to be emerging is a Goldwater-Republican Party which is an ideological group —a European-style party which is concerned with arousing its own followers and couldn't care less about popular consensus or the independent vote. What these people intend is the creation of a new political heaven and earth in America and the creation as a means to this end of an entirely new political coalition. Moreover, they have a distinct chance of success.

The inevitable consequence of this revolution is the rupture of the Republican Party as it has hitherto existed in our political life. As matters now stand, it is almost impossible to see how the moderates and liberals can remain within the party. They do so for the moment only because they hope to recapture it after a Goldwater defeat in November. But three massive doubts stand in the path of the realization of this hope. In the first place, it has already become clear—win, lose or draw—that the moderates will have to contend with a party apparatus which, being dominated by ideologues, will become far more cohesive and tightly-knit than any major party organization has been in our history. The men in control have extremely long-range plans, which very probably include the cheerful acceptance of the right kind of defeat in November if it will help them in 1968 or 1972. Secondly, a very large number of these moderates will almost certainly be swept out of office—and hence out of any contest for party power—by the anti-Goldwater landslide which is in the making in their Northeastern heartland, if not in the country at large. Finally, after all, there *is* the possibility that Barry Goldwater will construct a winning coalition in November.

WALTER DEAN BURNHAM writes frequently for The Commonweal. His most recent articles were, "Republican Campaign Strategy" and "Democracy and the Court."

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It now becomes necessary to ask ourselves soberly and with as much detachment as possible just what Goldwaterism represents, for it becomes particularly crucial at times like this to call things by their right names. Of course Goldwaterism involves a yearning for the restoration of an idealized past, but there is more to it than that. Of course it is reductionist and crudely simplistic, but this is not all. It is actually misleading to call this movement "conservative," as the Senator and much of the press do, or even to refer to it as the "radical right" come to judgment. A fundamental question must be squarely faced: Is Goldwaterism a fascist or crypto-fascist movement?

Fascism, as peculiarly the product of our unhappy century as Communism, must be viewed apart from the emotional overtones which the word evokes. It must also be understood as a general latency in developed Western societies apart from its dramatic manifestations in countries like Italy, Germany or Spain. Fascism does not depend for its existence upon the hysterical spellbinding of a Hitler, the rhetorical bombast of a Mussolini, or the integral Catholicism of a Franco. It is first and foremost a set of quasi-religious beliefs and attitudes concerning man and his destiny, a set of beliefs which is molded into a totalist, exclusive model of the human world. In the spectrum of twentieth-century politics, it is to genuine conservatism what Communism is to genuine liberalism.

Arnold Toynbee, in his study of disintegrating civilizations, identifies the emergence of "the saviour with a time machine" as one of their major characteristics. The overwhelmingly felt need is to flee from the insoluble problems of an intolerable present. This flight from the present takes on the attributes either of "futurism," as does Communism, or of "archaism," as does fascism. Precisely because any present reality has tremendous durability and tensile strength of its own, such flight must involve a *coup de main*, a violent break with the present and all that it stands for. Naturally a massive emotional and organizational effort must be made to force this break with the corrupt and futile present. Naturally this kind of rupture in social continuity cannot be achieved through the normal means and attitudes of political democracy. Strong emotions must be aroused to create a mass following and bind it to the leader. The fallen nature of man being what it is, such emotions are invariably negative rather than positive, which helps explain the violent hate and discord upon which all totalitarians rely and which they exploit.

Organizationally, fascism is associated with the development of "militia" party structures and ancillary groupings, composed of all those elements in the atomized, fragmented population of a mass society which support the leader's rejection of the present and agree with him about the direction of flight from it. Ideologically fascism is much less neatly systematic than Communism; profoundly and necessarily anti-intellectual, it seeks to evoke powerful if cloudy emotions rather than to construct logically consistent and "scientific" models of human action and destiny. Even so, its characteristics are pretty well understood today. It prizes above all other things order within society—every class and group in its place, every class and group doing its own job. Philosophically it is a perversion of Platonism, as spiritually it is a perversion of religion. In foreign affairs it has a strong bias toward xenophobia and toward military solutions to international problems. Arising as it does from a capitalist order in serious internal and external difficulties, it preaches a gospel of violent and aggressive anti-Communism.

Fascism has also been associated repeatedly with racism in one modality or another wherever sizable ethnic groupings and subcultures disturb the preordained harmony of the sanctified Nation. Like all forms of nationalism, but of course to an extreme degree, it is inherently opposed to overt expressions of class conflict in any form and consequently to the existence of a vigorous, independent trade-union movement. Finally fascism, the politics of the rear-guard in its most extreme form, is pre-eminently a know-nothing movement. Its appeals for the restoration of a mythologized past are necessarily couched in emotional terms which rarely stand up to cool, rigorous analysis, and its adherents well know that most intellectuals are trained to reject reductionist political solutions to complex social problems.

Does this shoe fit the Goldwaterite foot? Perhaps the reader should be left free to mull the problem over and come to his own conclusions. As this observer reads the situation, he has to conclude that it does, but with some important exceptions and reservations. The most important of these, perhaps, is the character of this movement's leader himself. Barry Goldwater, to be sure, is crudely simplistic in his thinking—the Grandma Moses of politics. Yet here is no Hitler with his frenzied, almost hypnotic demagogy. Nor is this a man who claims total power in any visible sense. Goldwater has not preached race war and will almost certainly never do so. Nor has he personally taken any hand in organizing paramilitary organizations to carry his struggle for power to the streets.

Within his movement as a whole, there is one glaring ideological difference from European fascist movements. The inherently collectivist identification with the State found in Europe is entirely rejected by Goldwaterites; their identification, as they have repeatedly made clear, is with the glorified Individual. Yet this fundamental difference may well turn out to be more apparent than real on closer analysis. Fascism everywhere has been the child of its conservative parent, and is consequently deeply rooted in the political culture and traditions of

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each individual country where it has taken root. The German tradition, with its centuries-old Junker militarism and propensities toward soldiering and subservience to central Authority, radically differs from the American. American conservatism has been unique in the world for its absence of any feudal, corporatist tradition—including the useful tradition of *noblesse oblige*. It is not only natural but necessary that Goldwaterism emphasize the cult of the Rugged Individual which has been at the center of far-right ideology for many decades in America.

ORGANIZATIONALLY the picture is mixed. While no paramilitary groupings have emerged as yet, the tactics used by some of Goldwater's supporters to get the nomination for their man were without precedent in the history of a major American political party. Goon-squad methods, bomb threats and other scare tactics *were* employed against Rockefeller in California. Boring from within and railroading the capture of ancillary party organizations like the Young Republicans *did* take place. Rockefeller hardly exaggerated when he claimed that "Nazi and Communist methods" were used in these coups. Moreover, Goldwater's statement that "extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice" lays him wide open to the charge that he gave a *carte blanche* to the expansion of the John Birch Society and other groups into fighting arms of his campaign for election. Only time will tell on this score, but the omens are not promising. Nor are such fears allayed by Birch field director John Rousselot's claim that about a hundred delegates to the Republican convention were members of the John Birch Society.

The ideological affinities between Goldwaterism and fascism are too clear to be overlooked. Its anti-laborism, best known in the Senator's on-again-off-again advocacy of a national right-to-work law, is quite well-known. Its other quests for a return to the simplicities of yesteryear were stressed again and again in the convention and in Goldwater's acceptance speech. The Senator came down so squarely on the side of "law and order" on city streets during that speech as to lead one to believe that federal force would be used to secure it. Repeatedly the impression was conveyed that Democrats were responsible for moral decay in the United States—that the opposition was not merely wrong but wicked. Except in the field of law-preservation, however, the Goldwater message domestically was that the Federal Government had no positive functions to perform. A platform better devised to narrow the scope of legitimate political conflict and enthrone an economic elite in a position of absolute political power could not have been constructed.

It goes without saying that the Goldwaterites are not at home with the intellectual community. One of the greatest cheers of the session was given to Eisenhower's condemnation of "sensation-seeking journalists," and in its aftermath some correspondents were apparently subjected to a little physical abuse by the Yahoo fringe. The overthrow of the "Eastern Establishment" was the primary purpose of this convention, and part of this "establishment" is the intellectual community of academicians and journalists. CBS dared to report on Goldwater's peculiar connections with German ultra-right-wing circles, and the Senator responded by a virtual declaration of war on the network.

Racism as such is never mentioned explicitly by the Senator—indeed his speech was remarkable for its total failure to mention the problem at all. But actually the race issue is subsumed in favor of the racists and against the Negro on at least three counts: the appeal for "law and order" on the streets, with racial overtones sure to appeal to the anxieties and hatreds of lower-class whites; the extreme anti-federalism on other domestic issues, which logically implies the consignment of the Southern Negro back into the hands of local white elites; and the weak civil-rights plank, which fits without strain into Goldwater's argument that Titles II and VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 are unconstitutional. Everyone who is opposed for whatever reason to the drive for Negro equality in this country can rally behind Barry Goldwater, and masses of such people will do so. In mid-July the Mississippi state senate conducted a secret-ballot presidential poll. The results: Goldwater, 36; George Wallace, 12; Johnson, 1; Calvin Coolidge 1. Obviously these gentlemen know who their friends are. Were they in any doubt, all they had to do was to watch the convention itself, noting its lily-whitism and the repeated undercurrents of anti-Negro feeling which swept through the hall—undercurrents which were repeatedly commented upon by the "sensation-seeking" correspondents there.

Goldwaterism in foreign affairs has a militarist, xenophobic and virulently anti-Communist flavor which closely parallels the views of fascist and crypto-fascist movements everywhere. Here as elsewhere one is baffled by the Republican moderates' complaints that they can't understand Goldwater, or their urgings that he clarify his positions. Actually the Senator is a man of almost unique consistency; he can be read loud and clear by anyone who wishes to pay attention to what he says. This is a crusade at home and abroad, a crusade for the lost Eden of the American Frontier. The Senator clearly views urban "marauders" at home and Communists abroad in the same light: as bullies and thugs who should be summarily put in their place. He may have something here, at least in the abstract. But there is an undercurrent, an unspoken but very real willingness to use brute force at home and abroad, which places these views outside the spectrum of American major-party politics as hitherto practiced. Since Communist regimes possess an inherent stability and appeal

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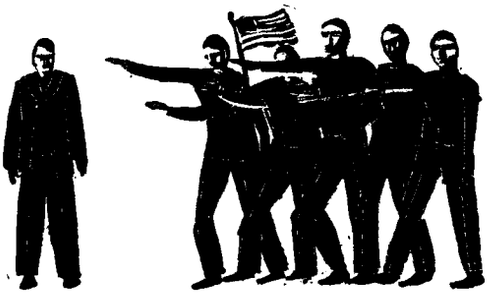
of their own, they will not disappear of their own accord simply because our own hearts are pure. Total victory necessarily implies military victory. The fact that "victory" in thermonuclear war has become impossible makes as little impression among Goldwaterites as among the Chinese Communists.

THE GOLDWATER camp proposes to create a brand-new political coalition. No one should underestimate their chances of success in November. For they have a potent image on which to rely: the ghost of the great American Frontier, which continues to haunt this society as the shade of the Holy Roman Empire once bemused Central Europe for half a millennium. In the Age of the Frontier—so goes the mythos—every man was self-reliant and depended solely on the strength of his good right arm. Government was virtually unnecessary, and indeed almost non-existent. For a long season of several centuries the Frontier suspended Malthus' law and infused into the American character the belief that something could be had for nothing except one's own personal drive to acquire. It promoted the belief that a limitlessly expanding pie of opportunity could indefinitely be cut up by private means alone. Ever since the Frontier passed into history 75 years ago, many Americans have yearned for nothing so much as a return to this womb. Such yearning can be explosively mobilized, especially in conjunction with the militarizing imperatives of Cold-War rhetoric. The restoration of the Frontier in American life at home and abroad necessarily presupposes the use of military force as a means. For Goldwaterism, as a consequence, the federal government's functions ultimately boil down to the functions of the sheriff or vigilantes domestically and internationally.

There are many potential recruits for this cause: status-deprived and culturally alienated white Anglo-Saxon Protestants; white supremacists in the South, eager to return to the 1896-1950 era when they had absolute control over their local Negroes; businessmen and business-identified middle-class elements in the Midwest, Southwest and South, who take their capitalism straight and with no liberal-democratic nonsense about it. Ultimately, however, the group to watch as the campaign proceeds is the same group which in every country has shown itself most susceptible to fascist and ultra-rightist appeals—the lower middle class, those who earn between $5,000 and $9,000 per year. The racial issue is enormously important among such groups, especially as regards Negro occupancy of housing in white neighborhoods and the racially-tinged "law and order" issue in the cities. If election results during the past year have any meaning, substantial blocs of these normally Democratic voters—especially, it must be noted, immigrant-stock Catholics—are very likely to break for Goldwater on this issue. Just how many will do so depends largely upon the cross-pressures involved. such as Goldwater's anti-laborism and his aggressive views on foreign policy.

Will Goldwater win in November? Despite the landslide in the polls for Johnson, it is impossible to say as yet. One thing is quite clear: the mass political realignments which impend will be so large that presidential election results even of the immediate past will have little bearing on the outcome of this election. The rule-book may as well be thrown away, for this is a brand-new ball game. The Goldwater organization is something new in American politics. Johnson supporters would do well to ponder the implications and do whatever possible to improve and tighten their own organization. Goldwater himself has thrice been resurrected from the political graveyard during the past year. Recognizing this, Democratic strategists would also do well to proceed on an assumption of absolute uncertainty as to the outcome.

While elections of the immediate past may be nearly worthless as guides to voting behavior this fall, America is a strange country in which long-dead political alignments have the habit of reappearing after decades in the tomb. The Republican convention has already established astoundingly close parallels between the political situations in 1964 and 1896. The 1896 election was also an expression of the revolt of the alienated in the Southern and Western "colonial" regions of the country. It was above all a revolt against the Eastern "establishment" of the day. The Bryan coalition was the last organized struggle of the yeoman farmer against the iron discipline of an international capitalist economy. In the course of this coalition's capture of control of the 1896 Democratic convention from the conservative Gold Democrats of the Northeast, a roll call was held on the crucial question of inserting a gold plank in the platform. Fifteen states voted for the minority plank, all but three of them from the region north of the Potomac and east of the Appalachians. In 1964, in the course of the Goldwater coup, a minority report strengthening the civil-rights plank was filed in the Republican convention. Eighteen states and territories voted for this minority report, and of these all but five were located north of the Potomac and east of the Appalachians. Not a single northeastern state in either convention supported the position of those who were taking over the party machinery.



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The consequence of the 1896 election was to shatter the Democratic Party irrevocably in the industrial Northeast and to introduce a solid one-partyism which gave national control to the Republicans for over a generation. The Gold Democrats in these areas, left without a party home, eventually merged with the Republicans and took between a quarter and a half of the party's old mass following with them. Because of Lyndon Johnson's probable appeal to the great belt of mid-America west of the mountains, the alignment is not likely to be so clearly sectional in 1964 as it was in 1896. But a pattern which has recurred again and again in our history can once again be seen beneath the wreckage. It may be a straw in the wind that a July ABC poll of Wall Street executive suggests that the Street will go Democratic this year for the first time in history.

SO IT SEEMS that the critical political realignment which liberal academicians have supported for years is here at long last. But such are the ironies of American political history that it may well be precisely the "wrong" realignment from their point of view. For the overt sectionalism and more or less covert racism of the 1896 realignment made it the largest, most decisive counter-revolution in American political history. This sectionalism played an especially fateful political role, for by liquidating two-party competition in most states, it promoted the consolidation of political and economic power in the same hands. It should never be forgotten that two-party competition remains the only effective lever which the people at large possess to influence the shape of public policy-making. Liberal Democrats, therefore, should think twice before applauding the destruction of the Republican Party as an effective opposition in New York or New Jersey. They might discover in the aftermath that it has become not less but more difficult for an overwhelmingly dominant party to organize effective progressive programs for their states, if not for the nation at large.

In large measure Goldwaterism has already won a major victory and anti-Goldwaterites of any or no political party have suffered a great defeat, whatever happens in November. We cannot hope to get on with the business at hand, in the first place, unless and until we can finally lay the ghost of the American Frontier. Until this is somehow accomplished, sectional realignments are likely to continue to cut across any possibility of organizing a rational twentieth-century political system. There is grave danger, in Michael Harrington's words, that we will be fighting political battles along a line of cleavage between the 1930's and the 1880's, with scant regard in either camp for facing the problems of the present or the future.

Secondly, Goldwater's nomination has by itself given a patina of legitimacy to the Birchites and racists at home and the Seebohms abroad which they could have secured in no other way. Only by an overwhelming Goldwater defeat in November and a decisive moderate recapture of the Republican party apparatus could this legitimacy perhaps be revoked. But the forces at work in American political life raise more than a few doubts as to whether either of these objectives can be achieved. This kind of revolution seems quite irreversible in its effects, if history is any guide. In the meantime, whatever happens in November and after, the tasks of Communist propaganda among the underdeveloped world will be made vastly easier. Unhappily, that propaganda need do little more than to report the story straight in order to make a strong case against the United States abroad. Nor are the prospects for effective American leadership in the Atlantic community enhanced by this nomination. De Gaulle, like Khrushchev, can now say to Europe and the world, "I told you so."

Finally, the effects upon our domestic life appear ominous at the least. One of our two political parties has become sectarian and ideological, and we are confronted as a consequence with a situation not unlike the present-day Italian political situation where the sole meaningful choice is between the Christian Democrats and the Communists. Senator Goldwater is personally a decent and charming man. But the campaign waged in his name will, without much doubt, be the most poisonously divisive and bitter in American political history. Whether he wins or loses, his campaign seems destined to produce a heavy rightward drag within the American political system as a whole.

In retrospect, this kind of realignment—this rightist coup within the Republican party—seems to have been inevitable. Only the precise timing of the coup and the name of its leader were long in doubt. For American politics, in its wisdom, has always been based upon a moving consensus within the framework of more or less responsible democracy. Major issues are raised, coalitions are formed, and ultimately the losers accept the core of the policies whose advocacy brought the winners to power. But even during the 1930's major elements within the Republican Party served unmistakable notice that they would never accept the positive state or the New Deal, consensus or no. At that moment the seeds of Goldwaterism were laid within the Republican right. Many observers were deceived into thinking that Republican triumph in 1952 would finally consolidate the consensus and that even the Right would now accept the inevitable. Now we know better. The issue is now squarely out in the open. Perhaps it is well that this is so. We need to know whether Goldwaterism is the wave of the American future. We need to know whether any further pretense of American leadership in the world at large or of liberal democracy at home should now be dropped. This will be a campaign like none other. Whether we like it or not, the war is on.

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Total Segregation

Black Belt, Alabama

JERRY DeMUTH

DALLAS COUNTY, Alabama. A Black Belt county, with Negroes in the majority though only a few registered to vote, and with no integrated facilities except the Trailways bus station. Birthplace of Alabama's White Citizens' Council and home of a unit of the National States' Rights Party. Target of four Justice Department civil suits against county and city officials and Citizens' Council leaders. Base of operations for a posse organized by the county sheriff which not only quells local demonstrations but ranges throughout the state in its activities.

Dallas County, Alabama, one of the most "Southern" of Southern counties. Circuit Judge James A. Hare summed up its creed last fall: "Any form of social or educational integration is not possible within the context of our society." And Chris Heinz, mayor of the county seat, Selma, said, "Selma does not intend to change its customs or way of life."

In fall of 1962, an organized attack on the county's customs of total segregation and discrimination began when the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) went into Selma to assist and encourage local leadership. The SNCC project itself began in February 1963 and continues this summer, though success is as slow coming as in the worst parts of Mississippi.

In June, the resumption of intensive voter registration activities immediately brought on increased arrests and intimidation. SNCC planned a Freedom Day —a period of heightened effort at registering Negro voters—for the week beginning July 6. Registration books would be open all that week, instead of the usual first and third Monday of each month. Then, with President Johnson's signing of the civil rights bill, came tests of its public accommodations section. Violence and arrests, and the resulting tension, climbed to new heights.

Accompanied by a photographer, I went to Selma the first weekend in July. We were followed and watched by police as we entered the town and went to the main hotel. We called the local FBI agent, so he would know we were in town. When asked, he said he knew nothing about recent arrests and violence growing out of theater integration. Then as we wandered to the sheriff's office, we saw crowds of whites in front of some stores, waiting, staring at us with hostility.

About 25 possemen—deputized local citizens—milled around outside the county building. Others filled the offices and hallway inside. A few talked of "beating niggers." After emptying their office of possemen, Chief Deputy Sheriff L. C. Crocker and Circuit Solicitor Blanchard McLeod—both of whom have a number of Justice Department suits pending against them—conducted us inside. We introduced ourselves, and they refused to give us information of any kind. McLeod brought in a magazine with an article of mine which mentioned Selma and read and reread it, getting more upset each time. Crocker took down descriptive information on us. "So we can identify you, when we pull you out of the river in the morning." He had made the same comment to SNCC workers last spring when he asked them to fill out identification forms.

Crocker and McLeod said they knew nothing about Freedom Day and the voter registration drive. Two flyers announcing the drive were posted on their bulletin board and they had already begun a campaign of arresting all SNCC staff persons in town.

ON FRIDAY, July 3, Eric Farnum of SNCC spoke at the Catholic Mission about the literacy program. Head of the mission is Father Maurice Ouellet of the Society of St. Edmund. A friend of the movement, he often has visited civil rights workers in jail. Last fall, Sheriff Clark banned him from the county jail. The priest was also threatened with arrest and a warrant was made out but never served. Officials have asked the archbishop to remove him.

Farnum left the mission but before he could walk to the corner was picked up by police and arrested on charges of disturbing the peace. When an attorney and SNCC project director John Love went to the jail, the jailer tried to attack Love. On Saturday, four members of the literacy project were arrested on trespassing charges when they tried to eat in a downtown restaurant. A girl who carried a broken chain medallion in her purse was charged with carrying a concealed weapon. Clark described it as a weighted chain. The car they had driven downtown was towed off by police. Later a sixth SNCC staff person, Alvery Williams, was arrested too.

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Saturday afternoon, local Negroes went to the two theaters in Selma, the Walton and the Wilby. At the Wilby, where the balcony was filled, Negroes asked manager Roger Butler if they could sit downstairs. He said they could; the owner of the chain had told Butler to seat persons regardless of race. Despite the angry departure and verbal objections of some whites the group of thirteen sat on the main floor, but not for long. Sheriff Jim Clark and his possemen soon invaded the theater, chasing the Negroes out. Meanwhile a mob of whites assisted by Clark's posse attacked Negroes in line outside. At 6:40 Clark ordered the theater manager to close both box offices and not admit anyone, white or Negro.

That night two crosses were burned on the edge of town, and the Dallas County unit of the National States' Rights Party held another evening meeting. Fifty to 150 persons had been meeting nightly since civil rights activities increased.

On Sunday, police arrested Rev. Ben Tucker who had just returned from Memphis with a station wagon donated to the Selma project. That night, as a prelude to the next day's Freedom Day, a mass meeting was held at the AME Zion Hall.

Five local officials in street clothes—one identified by a local Negro as a Klan leader—attended the meeting. They watched the last thirty minutes from outside a window. Charles Robertson told of SNCC's plans: "We're not going to sit-in. We're going to go and eat at a public place. We're going to tell the police what we're going to do and ask them to protect us." One of the officials, leaning on the window sill, chewed a cigar, and smiled cynically.

Outside, these five were backed by over sixty men in brown uniforms and white helmets, who lined up elbow to elbow across the streets, night sticks in hand, pistols at their sides. This was the posse of deputized local citizens that Sheriff Clark had organized several years ago when racial demonstrations began in Montgomery, fifty miles away. Since that time, it has traveled with Clark to Birmingham, Tuscaloosa and Gadsden, helping quell racial demonstrations. The posse has often assisted Col. Al Lingo and his state troopers—Lingo is an old friend of Clark's—and Lingo in turn has frequently come to Selma to help Clark. Last February, Clark joined Lingo 100 miles away in Macon County where free-lance photographer Vernon Merritt III was beaten near the Notasulga High School. In Selma and Dallas County, the posse has been used not only against racial demonstrations but also to hinder union activity.

Chief Deputy Crocker told the local paper that he had forty possemen there, that there were 200 Negroes outside the hall, 300 Negroes in the hall and that John Lewis, SNCC chairman, "had them pretty worked up." But Lewis wasn't even there, let alone spoke; and the small hall (which was filled) held no more than 160 Negroes, while only twenty-five to fifty were outside.

Shortly after the meeting ended and the hall emptied I heard yelling and screaming from a crowd of Negroes to my right. Turning, I saw possemen charging through the crowd, night sticks swinging. Among the possemen's first targets were my photographer-companion and myself. He was beaten and shot at. I was clubbed over the head—seven stitches were required to close the gash—and struck and shoved with night sticks. Three separate times possemen smashed the photographer's camera. After threatening us, McLeod ordered us out of the state. Later, Crocker and a state investigator told newsmen and Justice Department officials that we had reported being grabbed and beaten by Negroes. Clark informed the local newspaper he was proud of his possemen and of how they conducted themselves.

THEN CAME Freedom Day. Over 75 Negroes lined up at the courthouse to take the registration test. Each was given a number and made to wait in the alley behind the courthouse which would thus be entered through the back door. Possemen posted at the alley entrance kept away newsmen and anyone else not attempting to register. Even one Selma resident, James Austin, formerly on SNCC's staff, was not permitted to join the line.

Fifty-five Negroes, including SNCC chairman John Lewis, were arrested on orders from Clark. Newsmen were chased away from the arrested group, and two photographers were roughed up by officers. Six whites were also arrested for carrying an assortment of clubs in their car. The local paper printed their names and residences the next day; four were identified as residents of Selma, the other two from nearby Suttle. A newsman confirmed the fact that they were local youths. But an AP report in the Montgomery *Advertiser* stated: "The sheriff exhibited the clubs to newsmen and said the weapons were examples of what 'outside agitators' bring into the city. He said their car had an Alabama license tag fastened over a Virginia tag. Their identity was not released."

Only five Negroes were allowed to take the test that day. The remainder of the week, twelve persons were permitted to take the registration test each day, some of them, however, whites.

That night, the Rev. Ralph Abernathy spoke at the mass meeting. "I come to pledge the full support, full resources of Martin Luther King and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference," he told the 250 Negroes attending the meeting. "We are behind you, with you and even in front of you every step of the way."

Three officials sat inside, listening to his speech. Outside two school buses and ten cars deposited 150 city police, county deputies, possemen and state troopers. (Col. Al Lingo, in town Saturday and Sun-

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day nights conferring with Clark, had brought his men into Selma on Monday.) Nonetheless, the meeting ended peacefully. But Clark told James Gildersleeve of the Dallas County Voters League that he would break up all mass meetings from then on.

Although leaders of the registration drive determined to hold more meetings, no location could be found because of threats. Even a meeting already set for Wednesday night had to be cancelled. Finally on Thursday a mass rally attended by almost 300 was held. In the meantime, more than twenty-seven additional arrests had been made, including the president of the Voters League, Rev. F. D. Reese, arrested while taking photos of demonstrators; white youths attacked Negro employees leaving work at the Plantation Inn restaurant; three SNCC workers were reportedly beaten in jail; police towed away another SNCC worker's car leaving the project carless; and ten fresh carloads of state troopers arrived in town.

The next day, Friday, the county got an injunction prohibiting assemblies of three or more persons in any public place. Named in the injunction were fourteen organizations, including SNCC and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and forty-one individuals.

The combination of arrests, intimidation, violence and the injunction brought civil rights activities to a temporary halt in mid-July. But it did not bring to a halt the determination to create change in this old Southern city, although the past as well as the present in Selma has not created a situation in which change is easy.

SELMA was founded 40 years before the Civil War and became an important military depot during the war. Industries that manufactured arms and other war equipment were established then. The four noted gunboats—Tennessee, Selma, Morgan and Gaines—that formed Buchanan's fleet at Fort Morgan were built in Selma. And the county furnished the Confederate army with ten infantry, six cavalry and four artillery companies.

Dallas County has long had a plantation economy and even today the county is 49.9 percent rural. Two-thirds of the rural population is Negro. Though some industry has come to the area, population growth is almost static. In fact, the Negro population of the county is declining—in 1950, Negroes comprised 65 percent of the population, today only 57 percent.

Median family income in Dallas County is $2846 (compared to $3937 for the state), but median family income for Negroes is only $1393. Median school years completed in the county is 8.8 (compared to 9.1 for the state), but median school years completed for Negroes is 5.8.

Only 1.7 percent of 14,509 voting-age Negroes (242 Negroes) were registered in the county as of September 1963 according to the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights. (Fewer Dallas County Negroes could vote in 1963 than in 1956, when 275 Negroes were registered!) But 63 percent of the 14,400 voting age whites (or 8,953 whites) were registered. (In the two adjoining Black Belt counties, Wilcox and Lowndes, none of the 11,207 voting age Negroes were registered in 1962 according to the Civil Rights Commission.)

The first voting suit filed by the Kennedy Administration, in April 1961, was filed against the Dallas County registrar. "It sought an injunction against systematic discrimination against Negro registration applicants," according to Burke Marshall of the Justice Department. The district court denied the injunction, but did order the registrar to reduce from one year to sixty days the period an applicant who fails the registration test must wait before he can take the test again. Eventually, by direction from the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals an injunction was issued. But it has had little effect on registration. An enforcement proceeding has now been filed and a hearing on that has been set for October 5.

On June 26, 1963, the Justice Department filed the suit, *U.S. vs. Dallas County, et al.*, including Sheriff Clark. According to the Civil Rights Commission the charge was "intimidation of voter registration workers by sheriff and county prosecuting attorney by means of baseless arrests."

Then on November 12, the Justice Department filed two more suits—*U.S. vs. McLeod, et al.* (again including Sheriff Clark) and *U.S. vs. Dallas County Citizens Council.* At this time the department pointed out that from June 1954 to 1960 the Dallas County Board of Registrars registered more than 2,000 whites and only 14 Negroes. It said the board rejected many qualified Negroes, including school teachers with college and advanced degrees, and accused county officials of threatening, intimidating and coercing Negro citizens of voting age "for the purpose of interfering with the right to register and vote."

The Citizens' Council was accused of preventing Negroes from registering and attending voter registration meetings, of using economic sanctions against Negroes and of resisting federal attempts to enforce the civil rights acts of 1957 and 1960. Last March 19, the district judge ruled against the federal government in the second and third suits; they are now in the appeals court. The suit against the Citizens' Council has not gone to trial yet.

Selma is the birthplace and stronghold of the Citizens' Councils of Alabama. The Dallas County council was organized in 1954 by Attorney General Patterson of Mississippi and is partly subsidized by the state and large industries nearby. In April, 1960, Birmingham Police Commissioner Eugene Connor, who hails from

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Selma, told a Citizens' Council rally in Selma: "We are on the one yard line. Our backs are to the wall. Do we let Negroes go over for a touchdown, or do we raise the Confederate flag as did our forefathers and tell them, 'You shall not pass'?"

This last cry has been the attitude of the council and of county officials. In a full-page ad in the Selma *Times-Journal*, June of last year, the council said its "efforts are not thwarted by courts which give sit-in demonstrators legal immunity, prevent school boards from expelling students who participate in mob activities and would place federal referees at the board of voter registrars." The ad asked, "Is it worth four dollars to you to prevent sit-ins, mob marches and wholesale Negro voter registration efforts in Selma?"

In October 1963, the Dallas County Citizens' Council was the largest in the state with 3,000 members. A lot of citizens must have thought the four dollars worthwhile.

Last summer, like this summer, there were increased voter registration and integration activities in Selma and Dallas County, leading a Citizens' Council spokesman to comment in October, "I never thought it would happen in Selma. But I tell you this. We are not going to give in. If we let them have an inch, they would want to go all the way."

Nine months have passed since that statement—nine months of determined and hard work by hundreds of Negroes in the face of threats, beatings and arrests—and Selma still has not yielded that inch.

Arab Repression of Negroes

Genocide in Sudan

GARY MacEOIN

ON JULY 20, the Vatican and the Sudanese Government reached an agreement whereby a hundred priests would be allowed back into the Sudan, and four closed seminaries would be reopened for the training of a native clergy. The background of the Government's campaign against Christian missionaries is discussed in this article. THE EDITORS

In the nine Moslem states of Asia and Africa which I have visited since the beginning of this year, I have observed a mentality whose existence one must appreciate in order to understand what is happening to the Negroes of Equatoria and the neighboring provinces of Sudan. It is a sense of strength and destiny, combined with a firm belief that whatever means are necessary must be used to gain one's end. It expressed itself in Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal in 1956 when the United States blocked the proposed World Bank loan to finance the Aswan Dam. It expresses itself in the calculated elimination of whatever stands in the way of Khartoum's policy for the arabization of Southern Sudan.

The arbitrary military dictatorship which has controlled the Sudan since 1958 is the modern expression of the rule of force traditional in the Arab world. There is no life or voice anywhere in the country today except within its steel framework, and this is doubly true for the South where the tribal Negroes wage a hopeless guerrilla warfare against the modern equipment of Khartoum's armies.

Before the Westerner can begin to understand the doubletalk by which Khartoum seeks to justify what it is doing, he must realize that the Moslem does not believe in objective right and wrong in the sense in which, for example, the first article of the United States Constitution assumes them. His traditional interpretation of the Koran is that there is only one kind of law, divine positive law, and that Allah has given the true believer the authority and obligation to do what is necessary to impose his holy rule on the unbeliever.

This does not mean that the Sudan dictators are a group of dedicated Moslems living the strict Koranic precepts and pledged to the work of the Prophet, any more than are Nasser and his associates. But they are fully and hopelessly committed by the ambiental pressures, their constricting philosophy and their power-hunger to act as if they were. From the moment that Britain made the unforgivable mistake of delivering the four million Negroes of the South to the mercy of the eight million arabized Northerners, from whom they are separated by race, color, culture, religion, language, history and geography, the rest followed as inevitably as the seizure of Suez.

The intentions of the North were perfectly clear long before the declaration of independence in 1956 and the evacuation of British and Egyptian troops. They were in

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fact so clear that the decision in December 1955 to opt for independence brought an immediate uprising in the South. The failure of this gesture—for in the circumstances it could be little more—to win external sympathy and secure a separate state or at least local autonomy under a federal form of government enabled Khartoum to move Northern soldiers into the South and put Northerners into all key administrative posts.

ONE MIGHT argue that many of the changes introduced are justifiable as matters of national policy, for example, the making of Arabic the official language of the whole country, the sudanization of the education system and of the clergy of various denominations, the substitution of the Moslem Friday for the Christian Sunday as the day of rest in the non-Moslem South.

Even in these possibly legitimate areas, however, the method of implementation soon raised issues of substance. To speak of what I learned in the Sudan from persons directly involved, the Catholic authorities made repeated requests in the late 1950s and early 1960s for permission to open additional minor seminaries and to increase the number of students in the existing ones, and all such requests were absolutely denied by the authorities. This point is particularly important because of the cynical claims now being made by the Sudanese propaganda machine that the regime favors an indigenous clergy and deplores failure of the missionaries to develop it. Not until 1898 was it possible to start mission work in this primitive area, and as recently as 1930, Catholics numbered fewer than 40,000. It is a remarkable effort that by 1949 there were eight Sudanese priests (one of whom was consecrated bishop in 1955), and since that time the administration has been creating obstacles to prevent an expansion of the number. It grew nevertheless to nearly forty by 1964, though not all are available for pastoral work, some being in jail and others in exile.

Meanwhile, the carpetbaggers began to pour into the South from the North with the proclamation of independence. The British in the early 1920s had set up a control of movement of persons to prevent the sophisticated Arab traders from taking over the entire commerce of the less developed tribal South. This legislation was now administratively turned around to give free scope to the Northerners, while excluding foreigners who might hinder the assimilation program, or whose presence might embarrass those charged with executing it. Not only did the Northerners rapidly expand their control over legitimate commerce, but the slave traders got back into business with a freedom unknown in this century.

The Sudanese propagandists have again been denying that restrictions exist on travel to the South. When I went to the Sudan Airways office in Khartoum to arrange my departure for Juba, they refused to carry me until I got approval from the Interior Ministry. I was assured by both British and American officials in the Sudan, as well as by various non-officials, that no newsman is ever allowed to visit the South. My passport does not show my occupation, so that I could get by as a "retired Executive," which I also happen to be. The whole South is, in fact, completely cordoned off. Even people living in Khartoum cannot go there unless the Interior Ministry approves.

I noted above that some of the objectives sought by the Khartoum regime might be justifiable. But under any Moslem regime, one is brought face to face with an undigestible fact when the first steps are taken to implement a policy of this kind. The Moslem does not distinguish the civil and the religious spheres in the way we do. For him there is a total unity of life and law, and on this basic issue the devout believer and the practical politician are agreed. The only way to weld the Sudan into a unified state, as they see it, is to impose Islam on the South.

It was inevitable, accordingly, that the Christian missions should become the primary target. I am not pretending that the missionaries always acted with the greatest possible prudence. Some of them in the early days may have made misjudgments similar to those of the Western statesmen which precipitated Nasser's open challenge to the West. They may have thought that they could arouse internal and international public opinion against the injustices to which their people were being subjected and force the Khartoum regime to withdraw. If they did, they were grievously mistaken.

But I am perfectly satisfied that no substantial number of them were involved in any of the illegal activities which the Khartoum propagandists offer as justification for the mass expulsions. It is significant that even in the court-martial at Wau in February of this year, staged specifically to set the scene for the expulsions, the charges were not pressed against the two or three missionaries who had been arrested. All of those found guilty of rebellion or complicity in rebellion were Sudanese, and they did include one Sudanese priest.

THE LOGIC of the situation, as seen from Khartoum, made the guilt or innocence of the missionaries irrelevant. The Christian missions had to become the primary target. All the education in the South was in the first instance under their auspices, and education has for centuries constituted a particular problem for the Moslem. It is true that there was a time when learning flourished among Moslem Arabs. But for several hundred years, Islam has been a religion which only the illiterate and primitive adopt. This is a sociological fact, amply documented. Today in Africa, education is proving an absolute barrier to its extension. Among the primitives it still moves southward. But introduce primary schools, and at once it stops.

Of the four million South Sudanese, some eight to ten

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per cent are Christians, and the number has been growing every year. Khartoum saw the schools as the power of the missionaries. It hoped that their seizure and transformation into Koranic schools would neutralize the Christian influence and leave the mass of illiterate animists to be mopped up by Islam. Accordingly, the schools were seized. Incidentally, the Koranic schools into which they have been transformed are not schools in our sense. They are places of indoctrination in which the main stress is on a mechanical absorption of the Koran. To get their childeren into them, the non-Moslem parents must register them as Moslems. I met in internment camps and elsewhere in neighboring countries many of the thousands of youths who have fled in search of learning now denied them at home.

But even after the schools were seized, the missionaries continued to radiate an influence. And even the closing of their clinics and the prohibition of all kinds of medical or social assistance did not make them redundant. Their moral status survived. And the Christians, generally the most educated elements in the community, continued to lead the opposition to the imposition of an alien and hated language, culture and religion. Its own logic accordingly forced Khartoum to expel the missionaries.

This action was accompanied by another which has received less notice than I think it deserves, namely, the restriction of the foreign traders (mostly Greeks) to the towns. This small group was undesirable for two reasons. Its outside contacts made it a peephole through which the world could continue to get some knowledge of how the mopping-up campaign against the isolated and leaderless Southerners is being conducted. In addition, it constituted a competition to the Northern traders introduced during the past ten years. These now can dictate their own buying and selling terms to the tribesmen in the bush. There is no danger that their living standards will rise so that the South would cease to be a source of cheap labor for the North.

It is worth noting that there was no need to expel the foreign traders. For most of them, to confine them to the towns is an equally effective way of destroying their business. They may as well go home.

Do the actions of the Khartoum regime as here described constitute religious persecution in the technical sense or genocide? I think that they are materially both, though possibly there is no formal religious persecution because the primary concern of the dictatorship is less with internal belief than cultural conformism. However, one might equally conclude the other way on the ground of the lack of differentiation in the minds of those who planned and of those who are executing the policy.

In any case, I believe it is beyond dispute that overwhelming moral and physical pressure is being used to force the Southern Sudanese against their clearly expressed will to alter their basic attitudes and beliefs, and also to place them in a state of subjection and inferiority. And this is a violation of human rights as we understand them. It is also a violation of the obligations freely assumed by the Sudanese State as a member of the United Nations.

In all of the foregoing there is missing one of the normal and proper elements in a report by a professional newsman on a situation of public importance. The names and descriptions of those who supplied the information, the place at which it was acquired and the date, the details of my travel in Northern and Southern Sudan and in the neighboring countries to which tens of thousands of refugees have fled, all these elements tending to confirm the authenticity and accuracy of the observation are lacking.

IT IS precisely their absence that is the most damning indictment of the Khartoum regime. Here we are dealing with a regime of naked terror. Any indication that would bring suspicion on one of my informants would bring on him an arbitrary retribution. People in the Sudan live in fear and suspicion. I had to employ elaborate subterfuges to meet the people I needed to see. Before anyone would speak to me, I had to provide incontrovertible documentation and give guarantees that I would not even indirectly endanger them by indications of their identity.

But there is one name I am able to mention, and I believe it is enough to undermine the entire propaganda position of the Khartoum regime. This is Mr. Kai Bechgaard, Queen's Counsel and one of Africa's most distinguished lawyers. He himself told me in Nairobi that he was appointed last Fall by the International Commission of Jurists of Geneva to study charges of violation of human rights in Sudan. As chairman of Kenya Justice he was a logical choice for the task.

His nomination confronted the Sudan Government with a delicate issue. They could not reject him. On the other hand, they could not afford an investigation by him before they had implemented their plan to oust the missionaries. Accordingly, they accepted the request of the Commission to permit the investigation. But each time that Mr. Bechgaard requested authorization to begin, they told him things were not yet quite ready. And so the situation continued. I was in his office in Nairobi on

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the very day that the announcement of the final mass expulsion was made. He was still waiting for his visas.

The Sudanese refugees I met in Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika and elsewhere all asked me basically the same question. Why do Britain and the United States continue to subsidize this regime of terror? Why do they supply arms and help build Koranic schools in a region that is non-Islamic? The impression I gathered from the officials with whom I spoke is that Britain is more to blame than the United States. Our programs in the South are tapering off, but the British are doing all in their power to cooperate with the winning team in Khartoum. This would be in line with their long-term policy of playing ball with the Moslems and using them as their batmen in both Asia and Africa. They played the same game in Nigeria during the independence negotiations and left that country with a problem that may soon explode as violently as Sudan already has.

But what I find even more foolish is the calculated blindness of the neighboring Negro states of Uganda and Kenya. They have failed to raise the issue at any meeting of the African states. The only protest on record is from Tom Mboya, Kenya's Minister of Justice, and even he has not shown himself willing to go beyond a general expression of sympathy. For these black African states the issue is undoubtedly most embarrassing. Because of their weakness and inexperience, they are extremely anxious to maintain the appearance of a united front with the Arab states to the north. In addition, they are terrified that the Sudan would stir up trouble inside their own vague and insecure borders, as Somalia already has with Kenya.

Their silence, nevertheless, is foolish, as will be clear simply by glancing at the map. Southern Sudan is a spear directed into the heart of black Africa. If Khartoum succeeds in its program of arabization of this region, the isolation of Ethiopia will have been completed after a thousand years, and the way will be open to link up with the substantial Moslem populations of Tanganyika and other parts of East Africa. And that must surely happen if the world continues its present policy of looking the other way.

Weekend in Yugoslavia

My Friend, the Titoist

ADOLPH SCHALK

WHILE DRIVING through a long tunnel, somewhere in the hinterland of Yugoslavia, between Mostar and Sarajevo, smoke suddenly began to swell into my face. My eyes began to smart and I broke into a hacking cough. Frantically I rolled down the window of my midget European car, but the smoke continued to pour, I noticed now, from underneath the dashboard. And the car slowed down to a crawl even though I pressed the accelerator to the floor. I barely made it to the tunnel exit, jumped out of the car, as the smoke now billowed and enveloped it.

It was just getting dark, it was pouring rain and I was miles from any town. There was no traffic at all. Presently, it seemed from nowhere, another midget car pulled up unsolicited and unobtrusively behind me. A robust, swarthy, moustached man in his middle thirties, dressed in a suit and tie, got out and spoke to me in Serbian. I didn't understand a word, but no matter. He immediately opened the hood and then dashed to the rear of the car to look at the motor. After piddling around for a good ten minutes, getting completely soaked in the process, he finally yanked out all the wiring from under the dashboard. Apparently there had been a short circuit.

Then the stranger helped me push my car to the side of the road, made a point of removing the hub caps and windshield wipers and putting them under the seats of the car, which I locked. He took my baggage into his car and invited me to go with him.

We drove about thirty miles before we reached the next town, Konjic by name, which in the darkness appeared to be a mere blur of houses, a bridge, and a small cluster of neon lights marking its business district.

The only hotel in the town, alas, was closed for repairs, but my companion, I shall call him Ivan, was undismayed. He stopped several passersby, and inquired about lodging for the night. Finally one of the men he stopped gesticulated toward the other end of town, smiling and nodding, and a few minutes later we drove in that direction. Sure enough, here was a run-down three-story building with a dilapidated sign jutting out at one end with faded letters reading *Turist*. It was a *pension*, Yugoslavian style, used mainly by long

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distance truck drivers and the traveling (native) poor.

The receptionist, a man in his seventies, wearing a fez, spoke some German. He told me there were no singles available and assumed that I would share a double room with Ivan. Before I knew what had happened, I found myself ensconced for the night in the same room with a stranger in a small town deep in the interior of Yugoslavia, while my car was stalled some thirty miles away.

Well, I thought, there is nothing to do but to make the most of it. Ivan was clearly enjoying the whole thing. Sensing my consternation, he put his hand on my shoulder and pointed to his mouth with the other.

Together we went back to the center of town to its only restaurant. It was crowded, the table cloths were filthy and the odor emanating from the kitchen was overpowering. But I was ravenously hungry and after washing down the goulash-like concoction with wine and some pungent Turkish coffee, I felt good. The restaurant's back room served as the town's movie theater, and Doris Day and Cary Grant were offering "That Touch of Mink" to these "underdeveloped" Yugoslavs. I was greatly relieved that Ivan showed no inclination to see the movie.

BOTH OF US were quite exhausted and decided to retire early. Up till now all efforts at conversation had proved fruitless, confined, as they were, to grunts, gestures and Ivan's German vocabulary of about ten words. Once we were in our room, however, Ivan became positively garrulous. And now that I had light to see by I could make use of a booklet of useful words and phrases in Serbo-Croatian. But we soon exhausted such remarks as *Milo me ye* (Glad to know you) and "How much does a train ticket to Belgrade cost?"

Then, when Ivan began reading *Borba* ("Struggle") the Communist party daily, I was able to elicit his reactions by pointing to various pictures and headlines that I could decipher from the Cyrillic letters. Thus, by saying a famous person's name, I could learn Ivan's opinion, as he would simply point his thumb up or down to indicate his attitude. Tito, of course, got a vigorous "thumbs up." Kennedy also got one, but less enthusiastic. President Johnson extracted only a shrug. And, although God got a thumbs down, Pope John received a vigorous thumbs up. Louis Armstrong, Nasser, Nehru, Eartha Kitt, all thumbs up. For Khrushchev Ivan hesitated, then gave him thumbs up.

Ivan tried to explain to me about Tito. He pulled out a map of Yugoslavia from his suitcase and indicated the different provinces—Serbia, Macedonia, Bosnia, Slovenia, Croatia, Montenegro, formerly independent countries, all of them with separate and some times disparate cultures. Holding up his right hand, he spread his fingers far apart. With his left hand he pointed to each of the spread fingers, giving it a name, "Serbia," "Croatia," and so on. Then he folded the fingers together and said, "Tito." I got the message: it was Tito who united these cultures and made one nation out of many. What Ivan was saying in his own way, was simply, *e pluribus unum.*

We then exchanged the documents from our wallets in order to facilitate the conversion. The first thing I noticed was Ivan's Communist party membership card (but of course! how else would he have been entitled to a car?), then a picture of his wife and two small boys. From his ID card I learned that she was a physician and that they live in a small town in Serbia, about two hundred miles northeast of Konjic.

Then Ivan pulled a big photo album from his suitcase. I thought at first it would contain snapshots of his family. To my astonishment it was filled with pictures of pots and pans, mostly the old-fashioned kind that my grandmother used many years ago. Eventually I understood. Ivan was a traveling salesman, but since there is a tremendous shortage of manufactured consumer goods in Yugoslavia, there are no samples for Ivan to show shopkeepers. So he simply shows them the album and they order from the numbered pictures.

Ivan fell asleep immediately but I lay awake for hours. I had met Communists before, but this was the first one I got to know at close range. What does a card-carrying Communist look like? At this moment I was lying just a few feet from one. He was five feet, six inches tall, stocky, speaks Serbian, has dark bushy hair. There were two big patches on the seat of his polka dot undershorts, and he snored like a sergeant. He also had the annoying habit of picking his teeth with his fingernails. He is married, has two children and makes a living traveling all over Yugoslavia selling pots and pans from a photo album. He drives a Fiat 600 (called "Features" in Yugoslavia) and has a heart of gold.

AFTER BREAKFAST the next morning, before setting off for his own work, Ivan made it his business to try to find a car mechanic for me. There was one in Konjic, but he had no time for me at all as he was working on a big Mercedes belonging to some party bigwig. But Ivan would not give up. Turning to the group of about a dozen young men who had gathered out of curiosity to gape at this foreigner, he explained my plight and before long there was a heated conference lasting well over half an hour. Finally one of the men made what sounded almost like a speech and Ivan smiled and patted me on the shoulder. Apparently a solution had been reached.

Fortunately the receptionist from our *pension* had joined the group and offered to interpret for me. From him I learned that the youth volunteered to go by train to the next town, which was actually closer to the car, would see to it that the car was towed in and repaired and then would drive the car back to Konjic, either the

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next day, Saturday, or at the latest Sunday morning. I enthusiastically agreed.

Then, while Ivan went to make his rounds, the hotel receptionist, now off duty, offered to show me the town. My guide turned out to be a former mayor of the town who had learned his German during a four-year stint in the army, back when much of Yugoslavia belonged to the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

By day, Konjic is quite picturesque. The minarets of five mosques dominate the skyline of this town of 8,000 inhabitants, nestled in a valley deep in the mountains of Bosnia-Herzegovina. Somewhat more timidly, the steeples of St. Joseph's Catholic Church and of a Serbian Orthodox Church were also visible.

Although most of the people wore shabby versions of Western clothes, we saw a goodly sprinkling of men still wearing fezes, some of them even dressed in pantaloons, sashes and pointed shoes. A couple of dozen gypsies, shepherds with their flocks, costumed women, no longer veiled, but otherwise looking like extras in a biblical movie, were also in evidence. Most of the headstones in the cemetery carried Arabian inscriptions.

The sight of a large number of men in blue, military-like tunics and caps, made me uneasy until my guide explained that they were simply railroad employees. I saw only two grey-uniformed policemen, and they were the soul of courtesy.

Only a very small percentage of the town's populace seemed to be well off (I counted five TV antennas), and most housing was of a shanty variety. Yet the town boasts more than 3,000 school-age children and most of the people on the street seemed robust and healthy. Many of the citizens have to draw their water from community faucets, and most women still wash their clothes in the Neretva River. Elsewhere I saw a group of children excitedly playing what American boys call "marbles," but using walnuts instead of the familiar glass balls.

At noon I sat with my guide at the outdoor terrace in front of the restuarant, waiting for Ivan. At a nearby table four well-dressed men, one of them American, were discussing a new American grant for construction of a factory in the area. "Thirty-six times," my Moslem guide commented, not entirely irrelevantly, "Konjic was bombed in World War II, first by Germans, then by Americans and finally by the British." His remark became even more relevant when, the next day, Sunday, I observed an elaborate civilian defense rehearsal, with numerous mock bombings and evacuation rehearsals, followed by a colorful parade complete with brass band.

Ivan joined me off and on on Saturday evening, which was climaxed by a wonderful community dance, including that soul-searing, melancholy folk-singing that is still alive in Yugoslavia. Sunday Mass at St. Joseph's was also a moving event. The church was filled to overflowing with peasants from the surrounding countryside, many of them costumed in their elaborately embroidered finery.

Ivan and the youth who had gone to get my car were as good as their word. For at noon on Sunday, I heard a familiar motor chugging in front of the *pension*, and there was our friend, grinning broadly, proudly showing off the car, which he had also washed and cleaned. He insisted on a thorough inspection to prove that everything had been done, then shyly gave me the mechanic's bill, a very modest fee of a few dollars. I had repeatedly offered to pay Ivan's meals over the past couple of days and he vehemently declined. Now I offered the three men, including the hotel receptionist, five dollars apiece to show my appreciation. They were all genuinely dismayed, if not disgusted, that I should even think of paying for their acts of kindness, and forcibly stuffed the money back into my pocket. Finally the younger man at least let me pay for his train trip in my behalf.

Before I climbed into my car I shook hands vigorously with each one, Ivan gave me a big bear hug in typical Slavic fashion, and they all shouted, "*Dovidjenya Drugaritsa!*" (So long, comrade!)

As I drove away I recalled how, during one labored conversation, I impulsively cried to Ivan, "Do you know what you are? You're a good Samaritan! That's what!" And he of course only shrugged. But it suddenly occurred to me that neither Ivan nor the youth who sacrified his weekend to help a stranger had, in all likelihood, ever heard of "the good Samaritan."

Arrival of Rain

At midnight
it began to rain.

The sound of rain everywhere
fills my hollow ear.
The dry weeks round I was not thinking
of that sound—
two sounds, the sound
of falling and the sound of drinking—
now here.

Dusty root darkens and the stubble
sharpening
its cruel shafts, softens;
my ear all harkening
hears stubble green and moisten,
all drinking all darkening;
the liquid beaded sigh
of sound, two sounds
everywhere and here
in the hollow avid ear.

All need is dry.
Rain is the metaphor.

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

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THE SCREEN

And Good Red Herring

AS SUMMER fare goes, this year's assortment hasn't been too bad. And the new films this week, although not exactly brilliant, are interesting enough to attract you into a theater for more than the air conditioning. Furthermore, just to cheer you up during the dog days, the weeks to come will have even better goodies to offer.

Any week that brings a new Hitchcock is bound to have some cause for celebration. Although the Master is not at his best in "Marnie," a romantic and psychological mystery thriller about a compulsive thief, Alfred Hitchcock has inserted enough of his old technique and tricks to hold one's attention. Perhaps the greatest trouble with "Marnie" is its script, written by Jay Presson Allen from Winston Graham's novel. Its story meanders on and on, revealing, suspensefully enough, incidents and bits of character until it gets to the big climax with its shocking flashback that is supposed to explain why Marnie steals, is thrown into panic by thunder storms, abhors sex, and thinks she is unloved by her strict mother. Actually this plot, in spite of the anxious moments Hitchcock gives us and the red herrings that are dragged in to increase suspense, is little more than a soap opera—and a fairly shallow one hardly worthy of this film's 130-minute running time.

As usual, Hitchcock directs his cast well and gets what he wants from his actors: 'Tippi' (the single quotes were the idea of Hitchcock who introduced this newcomer in "The Birds") Hedron as the attractive though psychotic Marnie; Sean Connery as the publisher who marries her for rather flimsy reasons after she robs his safe, and who then tries to cure her; Louise Latham in an outstanding performance as Marnie's stern mother; Diane Baker as one of the red herrings. At the finale, the viewer realizes that poor sick Marnie is going to need some better psychiatric treatment before a really happy ending is reached. He also realizes that the picture, though never boring, is quite superficial. As 'Tippi' puts it when Sean tries a little therapy on her: "You Freud, me Jane."

AFTER leering his way through "Irma La Douce" and "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon is in fine form again as the lovable guy next door who muddles his way through many a mix-up but somehow manages to land on his feet as "Good Neighbor Sam." If you can possibly stand one more comedy with a plot as tired as "Getting Gertie's Garter" and other items left over from the '20s, you'll find some good laughs in "Sam." Its story makes Jack Lemmon, married to Dorothy Provine, pose as Romy Schneider's husband so that Romy can inherit fifteen million dollars. Wisely, producer-director David Swift, who had a hand in the script, brightened this silly plot with some good gags, visual and verbal, and the cast, which also includes Michael Connors as Romy's "separated" husband, and Edward G. Robinson as a client at the agency where Jack works who insists on wholesome advertising, come through nobly in putting over the jokes. Among these are: the enormous mobile made by Jack from miscellaneous junk whenever he is bored with his boring daily routine; the running gag at Jack's agency where they're making the Hertz TV commercial and can never quite land the driver in the driver's seat; and, funniest of all, the desperate efforts of Jack and Romy to draw mustaches and silly faces on all the billboards showing them as a Mr. and Mrs. "Good Neighbor Sam" has its amusing moments and clever satirical touches—perhaps an hour's worth, but like "Marnie," it runs a seemingly-endless 130 minutes.

PHILIPPE De Broca and Jean-Paul Belmondo, who served respectively as director and star of the delightful adventure-parody, "That Man from Rio," teamed up on an earlier French film which can now be seen on our screens. "Cartouche" tells a fanciful story of the exploits of the real-life French brigand who terrorized Paris and the surrounding country in the early eighteenth century and finally became a hero of rob-the-rich, give to-the-poor legends. One always has to take these Robin Hood highwaymen with a grain of salt; De Broca's screenplay, written with Daniel Boulanger and Charles Spaak, makes us reach for several grains as Belmondo, portraying the infamous Cartouche, jumps from one robbery and adventure to the next and finds time in between escapades to make love to a beautiful gypsy (Claudia Cardinale) even while he makes no secret of his great passion for the police chief's lovely wife (Odile Versois). While much of this is told with a great deal of swashbuckling and occasional bright humor, it is obvious that director De Broca is not entirely at ease in costume melodramas. The color photography and costumes and sets are often quite attractive, but at times the handsome production is overstuffed; and too often the picture slows down to a drag to make way for scenes of sadistic brutality and satirical jibes at nobility and Church. One longs for the light and breezy touch that used to be in Douglas Fairbanks films of this kind. But perhaps we should be grateful that De-Broca got this first somewhat misshapen adventure comedy out of his system so he could follow it with the hilarious and beguiling "Man from Rio."

ALSO beguiling and also too long, like everything else this week, is the latest Walt Disney presentation, "The Moon-Spinners," a two-hour mystery-adventure set on the Isle of Crete. When Hayley Mills and her aunt

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(Joan Greenwood) arrive at the Moon-Spinners Hotel on this attractive island, they are not greeted very cordially by the glowering hotel owner (Irene Papas) or her even more glowering brother (Eli Wallach). Fortunately, since the aunt is determined to stay, a young English guest (good-looking newcomer Peter McEnery) is kind to Hayley and promises to make the visit interesting. It certainly is, starting right off the next day when Hayley finds Peter in an old church where he is bleeding from a bullet wound. From then on things get wild and furious as mystery thickens.

Youthful audiences will be held spellbound by the adventures of Hayley and Peter, while their elders, enjoying the story based on Mary Stewart's novel and director James Neilson's good cast that also includes Pola Negri, will no doubt be most attracted to the stunning Technicolor shots of Crete. They alone would make "The Moon-Spinners" worth a visit; and the picture is exceedingly generous in its exhibits of the island's sights and sounds. All this and Pola Negri too.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

CORRESPONDENCE

"The Church Under Hitler"

Portland, Ore.

TO THE EDITORS: Gordon Zahn's thoughtful review of Guenter Lewy's book, *The Catholic Church and Nazi Germany* ["The Church Under Hitler," July 3] prompts some reflections. As one who, together with the late Dr. Waldemar Gurian (one of your frequent contributors), was for some years engaged in the hopeless journalistic attempt to make the German hierarchy and certain then influential persons in Rome see the futility of any appeasement tactics toward the Nazi regime, I had never believed that in my life time this tragic and fateful chapter in the Church's history would come to light—so thorough was the job done by the journalistic rewriters of that history. Every time one of those church dignitaries died who had gone all out in collaboration with and glorification of the Hitler regime (occasional protests *pro domo* notwithstanding), he was hailed in his obituaries as a hero of resistance and all but a martyr. To be sure, there were martyrs: some three thousand Catholic priests alone, killed in Nazi concentration camps. Talk about the Church's silence to the fate of the Jews—the Church did not even speak out or recognize its own martyrs, lay or clerical . . . always to avoid greater evil of course!

Now having studied the painstakingly researched, irrefutably documented work of Guenter Lewy with its nearly 1200 quotations and source references, and being confronted with his devastating documentation—even though I myself fought that unsuccessful battle so many years ago—I feel almost a compulsion to grope for a defense of these men. They were not mere cowards choosing the easier road for themselves, blithely sacrificing the lesser fry (to be sure, Lewy never even hints at such a conclusion, but the suspicion cries out of their often grotesquely exaggerated affirmations of loyalty and appeals for sacrifice to a regime that, at the same time, vilified the clergy and decimated it, closed church schools and confiscated monasteries, and tore to shreds every Christian moral tenet); neither were these men mere cynical tacticians trading sacred principles for the chance of survival, at least not personal survival. What then prompted this attitude of the German hierarchy which, after 1945, was obviously recognized as so compromising that it was not permitted to be mentioned any more, that in fact a plot of silence was to cover henceforth this aspect of the Church's relations with the Nazi regime?

The answer is complex and would require more space than a letter to the editor can assume to be granted. But in brief this much can be said—and it is only in this aspect that Lewy's book does not go as far as it might have (some may say, should have) gone. One must have lived through at least a part of that time in Germany to appreciate the all-pervading totality of the Nazi state. No one who has not tasted, as a German, subject to the retributive power of that regime, the totality of the state's demand, can realize the extent of that demand and the means employed to make it compelling. Gestapo whims beyond the reach of all law, the intimidation and terror methods of the brownshirted, party-directed mobs were only extreme forms of the process of molding public opinion and individual conformance.

Before that, through economic and social pressures, propaganda, threats, the holding out of hopes and open brutality, there was the creation of an atmosphere which constantly enforced the conviction that this was something that could not be resisted save at the price of doom. It was an atmosphere in which it soon became obvious that there was no room for the neutral (as in former tyrannies which only punished active opposition) —no, the totalitarian state demanded total surrender, including the individual's faith and his active enthusiasm —genuine if possible, enforced if necessary. The bishops, being human, succumbed to that atmosphere no less than the humble faithful, even though the faithful had every right to look for guidance to their shepherds. But they were mesmerized into only one guidance: Obey! Sacrifice for your country! Maybe they even thought thus to mitigate the lot of the unfortunate priests who, having been endowed with less worldly wisdom, took at face value and in conscience the scriptural injunction to preach the truth, whether convenient or not, and thus had ended up in concentration camps. Or they may have thought, as even Pius XI's anti-Nazi encyclical admitted, to "save the faithful the tensions and sufferings of perse-

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cution" (which was of course only the saving of those not yet tortured at a given moment).

The rationalizations of the entrapped were many, to be sure, and Lewy depicts them well. They were captives of their own misjudgments, not having spoken while there was still time to speak. Then, after the war had started, bishops of occupied countries did speak out. But in doing so, they were both defenders of the faith and, simultaneously, national heroes to their people, while a German bishop speaking against the Hitler regime would then have been treated as a traitor. However, that dilemma never arose. Having first been silent in the face of injustices at home, the bishops now prayed for German victories, fully knowing what those victories must mean for the flock of Christ in the countries conquered by Naziism.

The Christian tragedy of this entrapment lay in the fact that in the brutal contest of faith forced upon the Church, those that followed an anti-Christian, purely nationalistic faith were willing to die for it, while those commissioned to guard the Christian truth were afraid to ask that much of the followers of Christ. They did not believe in their followers, and they in turn, trained to look to authority to tell them what conscience demanded, waited in vain for the clarion call that never came. "Thank you, we don't need martyrs" was the advice which a priest friend of mine received from his bishop. The friend died in Dachau.

I, too, share the reviewer's sorrow that these things have to come to light at this moment when the first tender signs of ecumenical understanding have begun to sprout. But if trust shall be built, it can only be built on truth, not on legend. And the non-Catholic Christians in Germany know too well the failures within their own communities in this context. Gordon Zahn is right: The Church's record with its many, though individual, officially disclaimed martyrs would have looked rather good in comparison with almost any other group, were it not for the false picture of hierarchical resistance which has been so carefully built up by Catholic apologists. Now all we can do is own up to the truth in humility. That and the admission of human weakness, for which even the gospels have an example in Peter at the trial of Christ, may in the long run be more defensible and even more humanly appealing than the carefully nurtured triumphalism which those, who lived through these days, know did not exist. . . . OTTO M. KNAB

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO THE EDITORS: Much energy is being wasted trying to explain Pope Pius XII's policy under Hitler, and a recent COMMONWEAL article extends the question to the whole German episcopate in the last years of the Third Reich. But the problem is not to decide what they should have done: none of us is in their situation at that time.

However, we are in an analogical situation: What is the Church in America today doing to avoid the coming explosion of violence between Negro and white Americans? What words should we now hear from the voice of our episcopate? Should the Church sail along with the complacency of its white majority, making theoretical statements on race-equality and waiting to see what happens next? Can or should a provincial conception of the best interests of the Church dictate our attitude toward basic requirements of justice?

Both under Hitler and now, we were and are caught in the fundamental deficiency of our theology: we have no Christian anthropology. As a result, we may be deeply concerned about Christ and about the Church, but not about man. In the meantime, we are all accumulating material for the play that will be written some day by another Hochhuth. The setting for it may be Los Angeles, but it could be any of many other places. The topic will be the Church of 1964 and the American Negro. *(Rev.)* GEORGE H. TAVARD

"Understanding the Conservatives"

Taunton, England

TO THE EDITORS: I am prompted to address you by Mr. John Cogley's article in your issue of June 19. This letter will reach you too late to stand as a direct reply but I fear the topic Mr. Cogley discusses will be with us for some time. He is curious about the existence of a conservative party in the Church which he finds instinctively unsympathetic. His recent observations in Rome have made him conscious, if I understand him rightly, for the first time of Romanness—*Romanitá*—a civilization formed by and activated by the Faith, a civilization which some of us will recognize as the highest human achievement of history, but which all of us realize is inessential to the Faith. There can be Faith with *Romanitá,* there can be *Romanitá* without Faith. We are agreed about that. But as a matter of recorded history and observed experience the two have gone close together.

The physical-psychological character of Rome, the City, reminds us everywhere of the Counter Reformation. Mr. Cogley writes of "a relic of the Counter Reformation," of the "clinging spirit of the Counter Reformation," and everywhere in his article seems to assume that *Romanitá* is in its "final agony."

Why does he believe that this great battle has been won? It is true that in Northern Europe, in the lands of its origin, Protestantism is now so enfeebled as to be negligible. The systems of Calvin and Luther and the various sects aberrant from them are no longer a serious menace, but in many parts of the world their transplantations flourish, notably among the Boers of South Africa and in parts of Mr. Cogley's own country. It is

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presumptuous to break off the engagement before the issue has been decided.

But more surprising to me is Mr. Cogley's apparent incomprehension of why there is a conservative party at all. A great part of the Church's history, the life of half her champions, have been devoted to nothing else but conservation; the handing down uncontaminated and undiminished of inherited truth; the holding of the defenses on the unpopular front; the rebuke of fads and charlatans. The questions before most of the Councils has not been: "Is this attractive notion something we should adopt?" but "Is this the Faith as it was transmitted to us?"

The idea of a serenely triumphant Church which was disastrously disturbed once in sixteenth-century Europe, is entirely false to her character. Never in her history, so far as I know, has she enjoyed a decade of peace; heathens from outside, heretics from within, have insidiously sought her destruction. Seldom more than now when Mr. Cogley parades his pacifism. And Rome has always been the one citadel where the defense rallied and revictualled.

And since I am writing this long letter, may I add a further, indirect comment on your issue of June 26? Why are some modern Catholics so eager to take the blame for the cruelties shown to the Jews? The Nazis were heathen. Luther called for their persecution. The Orthodox Russians massacred them. The Mohammedans of Morocco subjected them to humiliations. The Mohammedans of the Levant want to massacre them today.

Of course we all know that the Church was founded by baptized Jews—that our law and liturgy largely derives from Judaism. Many Catholic sovereigns evicted them. They got their revenge on the Catholic sovereigns in the times of Liberalism. Much evil was done. But why do you, sir, in your editorial proclaim so vehemently our special guilt for these wrongs?

EVELYN WAUGH

"To the American Bishops"

Atlanta, Ga.

TO THE EDITORS: In the thoughtful and welcome essay entitled "An Open Letter to the American Bishops" [June 26] there should be noted a misplacing of credits. Of the laity, Dr. Robert McAfee Brown writes: "In the discussions last fall on the laity, it was apparent that you were exerting real leadership. We American observers recall the interventions of Bishop Wright, Bishop Hallinan, and two very important speeches relevant to the laity by Bishop Primeau."

It was not I but Bishop Phillip Hannan of the Archdiocese of Washington, D.C. who effectively spoke on October 17, 1963 of practical opportunities which must be open to laymen. The same day, Bishop John Wright called for positive delineation of the lay role. A week later (October 23), Archbishop Lawrence Shehan urged that the layman's dual role in the world and in the Church be clarified, and Bishop Ernest Primeau emphasized lay initiative, freedom and responsibility. (He had also spoken October 2.)

Although I concur entirely with these four American bishops in their concern for the flowering of the layman's function, it was not I, but Bishop Hannan, who spoke to the Council. I spoke in the *aula* in the Second Session only to present the *Relatio* for the Chapter on the Sacraments in the schema on the Liturgy.

(Most Rev.) PAUL J. HALLINAN
Archbishop of Atlanta

The slip was ours, not Dr. Brown's. Our apologies to all concerned.—ED.

Responsible Parenthood

Fairfax, Va.

TO THE EDITORS: Congratulations on your superb review of the issues confronting responsible parents today [June 5 issue]. The translation of Canon Janssens' article was especially welcome; reported second or third hand, it undergoes a process similar to that in the old-fashioned game called "gossip."

His distinction between a spatial and a temporal obstacle to conception is most valuable, and his likening "the pill" to the latter, especially to the normal period of post-partem *repose* which nature grants to the mother. If we look for the tendency of nature here, the natural law, surely nature's norm is to prevent conception until the mother has achieved a recuperative rest. It is the rapid succession of closely spaced births that is, in fact, against the norm of nature. Especially if the mother nurses her baby during the first year, as is normal, she ordinarily will not conceive during this time; can we say that nature regards this as the "bare minimum" of time she needs, under ordinary circumstances, to regain strength before bearing another child?

By insuring this repose, lengthening it if additional pressures render the natural minimum insufficient, we are in fact following the tendency of nature. Exercising human discernment, we make a reasonable judgment about the exigencies of the total situation, and use the means available to us to insure that the requirements of nature will be met. Does the fact that the majority of moral theologians are celibate males have anything to do with their regarding the sex act primarily from the masculine point of view, ignoring the sexual psychology of the mother, and its relation to the exigencies of the family as a whole?

Dr. Dupré draws no distinction between means which are temporal or spatial—to continue Janssens' terminol-

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ogy—and regarded merely as obstacles to conception, little difference appears. But looked at with regard to the sexual union itself, we may well ask if the various contraceptive devices do, in fact, permit the expression of love without danger of conception. Or do they, by placing a veil between the lovers—and a very tangible veil it is, too—isolate them from one another? . . .

What does it mean when many married people fail to discern the effect of contraceptive contraptions upon sexual union itself? Do they even suspect the intimacy of that touch which penetrates to the very center of another's being, and truly weds two into one flesh? Or has the sickness of Bergmanesque alienation so infected us that we are no longer capable of distinguishing a truly naked love-union from peripheral stimulation and self-gratification? NAME WITHHELD

"Catholicism in Los Angeles"

Los Angeles, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: I am a Religious priest and have been working for some years in the Archdiocese of Los Angeles. I feel that I simply must write to tell you how grateful I am for your exposé on conditions in our Archdiocese [June 10]. It is difficult for an outsider to understand the atmosphere of fear and frustration in which we priests—and laity—live who try to be serious about Pope John's call for *aggiornamento*. I have long been hoping for some such revelation as you have given the nation, not to "spite" our bishop, but for the ultimate good of the Archdiocese.

One of the most galling aspects of the whole situation has been the secretive nature of the repressive measures. Rarely does anything come out in writing. The civil rights issue is a case in point. Another example is the liturgical movement. At no time has the Cardinal, to my knowledge, officially proscribed active participation in the liturgy. Yet since a famous incident several years ago, every priest in the Archdiocese knows the Cardinal's attitude. An auxiliary bishop celebrated his jubilee in the cathedral with a Mass sung by the entire congregation composed mainly of priests and nuns. At the next clergy conference there was a statement from the Cardinal to the effect that "there will be no more such nonsense in my Archdiocese."

Pastors who have inaugurated active participation have been rebuked by the chancery. Now, six years after the Holy See's Instruction encouraging participation, the people are totally unprepared for the participation demanded by the imminent introduction of English into the Mass. But there is a solution suggested by the recent circular published by the Archdiocesan Liturgical Commission. It is there pointed out that no church is *obliged* to use English at Mass. The Constitution states that the vernacular *may (licet)* be used. So perhaps it is best to forget the whole thing and just go on as we have for the past 1500 years!

The tale is endless. Priests from outside the diocese have been asking me if the shocking allegations in THE COMMONWEAL are "really true." I can only say from bitter experience, they are all true—and much more besides. It is high time that the world found out that the Archdiocese of Los Angeles is spiritually in schism from the rest of the Catholic Church.

Yet in spite of all I cannot help but feel for the Cardinal in the suffering caused him by the attacks on his administration. No one questions his sincerity, good will, or even his personal holiness. And here precisely is the tragedy. . . . NAME WITHHELD

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO THE EDITORS: Since reading your issue on "Catholicism in Los Angeles," I have had a deep feeling of sympathy for the man in the ranks of the American Catholic clergy with an axe to grind. If his bishop rejects his plea, and if he is clearly in the right, to whom can he turn, to whom *should* he turn? According to John Leo, Father DuBay tried to get some pressure exerted on the Cardinal, by other bishops. His famous news conference was, in the final analysis, a result of the understandably pent up feelings in the man.

However liberal we may be on these matters, can we say that letting the flood of public press in on the controversy was a good thing for the Church? I think not. But again, to whom else could he turn? And, can anyone deny objectively that the matter should be aired, before someone with authority? My point is this: The American bishops should organize a committee of themselves, or their subordinates, to act as a panel before which such grievances as Father DuBay's could be brought, in private, with no publicity, a completely intramural group. I am not interested in such a group's details or workings, but only in having someplace for the Father DuBays to turn to, without fear or embarrassment for anyone. JOSEPH T. MCGAHAN

Mundelein, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: This letter concerns your July 10 issue "Catholicism in Los Angeles." Whether or not the information put forth in the two articles is accurate or not I have no way of knowing. There are many questions which I have concerning the articles, but for the sake of brevity I will confine my questions and letter to the "Strawberry Sunday" incident which appeared in the article written by John Leo. . . .

In our preparation for the priesthood, during the long years in the seminary, we devote ourselves to the development of our minds through study and that of our character through prayer, meditation, and the Rule. The Rule is an integral aspect of our development since it is in the Rule that we are able to find God's will for us.

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The Rule will vary from seminary to seminary although they are basically the same. At the seminary where I am a student we have a rule which explicitly states. "It is gravely forbidden to meet any outsider by appointment in the seminary." I imagine the seminary in Los Angeles has a similar rule either explicitly stated or implicitly contained in the entire body of the Rule. Should this be the case (and Mr. Leo does not say anything to the contrary) then I cannot see on what grounds he can condemn either the Cardinal or the administration of the seminary for the action taken on the "Strawberry Sunday" incident.

When a man enters the seminary it is the obligation of the authorities to judge his worthiness and the only way in which that can be done is through observing a man's conduct with regard to the Rule. A man willingly and freely accepts the Rule which is in force at the particular seminary in which he is studying. If a particular man does not agree with the rules of a seminary he may ask for a transfer. This is not done very frequently since most men realize that they would then be serving God on their terms and not His. If those men who were reprimanded in Los Angeles were guilty of breaking a rule of the seminary then they must accept their punishment and Mr. Leo has no right to condemn either Cardinal McIntyre or the administration of the seminary. . . .

THOMAS A. SCHUTTER

Claremont, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: Mr. Krebs' and Mr. Leo's articles on the Church in Los Angeles [July 10] were both remarkably insightful pieces of reporting. Having participated in many of the events referred to in them, I can testify to their accuracy. However, I wished that the authors could have communicated a little more of the positive spirit that exists in the Los Angeles church, a positive spirit, which, far from being intimidated by the negative attitudes of the official ecclesiastical structures, is almost nourished by them.

Perhaps Tertullian's dictum that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church has some application here. In any case I have seldom encountered so spirited, so resourceful and so apostolic a group of laymen (and some priests) as I have met in Los Angeles. Much of the spirit of independent action I have found there has been generated precisely by the repressive attitudes of the Chancery which creates in the apostolic laity a realization that, if good causes are to be furthered, the responsibility must rest largely on their own shoulders. If the clergy are drawn into it, it is often on a clandestine basis, since they have too much to lose to be publicly involved, and laymen are not as vulnerable.

Often I have been with a group engaged in some Catholic action, action which they know will probably be frowned upon by the local Ordinary. As they discuss how they can counter this repressive influence, and make their influence felt in a liberalizing direction, more than once someone in the group has exclaimed, as though suddenly struck by the realization, "you know, we have a great opportunity here. I wouldn't want to live in any other diocese in the Church right now." In being a layman in Los Angeles, one often feels as though he belongs to some kind of underground resistance movement, and although it is saddening to feel thus embattled, it is scarcely dull or lifeless.

I have often thought that the Church in Los Angeles is like a chained giant, just beginning to wake up and feel its strength, and it is a little frightening to sense the surge of the Spirit within her "and thou canst hear the sound of it, but knowest not whence it comes or whither it goes." The other day I commended a young priest for some forthright action he had taken on a controversial matter, saying "Father, you will get your reward in Heaven," to which he replied with a sly smile, "or, after the revolution!" I think that remark illustrates well a certain spirit moving under the surface of the Church in Los Angeles, and I suspect Cardinal McIntyre feels it too and that is possibly why he is one of the most frightened men in the Church today.

ROSEMARY RUETHER

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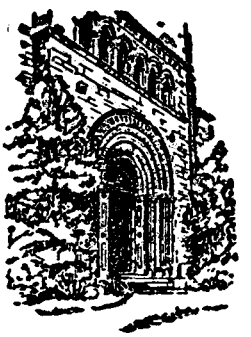

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A Critical Look at Some Great Moral Theories

Moral Philosophy. By Jacques Maritain. Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.95.

by Eugene Fontinell

IN THIS first of two volumes, Maritain presents us with "An Historical and Critical Survey of the Great Systems" (the second volume is to be subtitled: "Doctrinal Examination of the Great Problems"). This is a long and complex work in which Maritain has brought to bear on the subject matter of moral philosophy most of the principles and categories which he has developed with such care throughout his long and distinguished career. The most that can be done in a short review is to indicate the direction of his thought and raise a few difficulties which the general thrust and basic structure of his philosophy suggests.

Maritain sees moral philosophy as having undergone a long period of construction followed by a rather disastrous period of breakdown and destruction from which there is gradually emerging a large effort of philosophical recovery. The Greeks, the Judeo-Christian tradition, and the medieval thinkers play the decisive and formative roles in the period of construction. This is the period of discovery of the basic questions and principles which Maritain feels must be embodied in any valid moral philosophy. Socrates whose " . . . teaching, so perfectly rational, hinges on something that seems to transcend pure reason," exemplifies for Maritain the combination of reason and transcendence which is asserted again and again throughout the book as a fundamental need of moral philosophy. Socrates, Plato and Aristotle each incorporates in his own way and with varying emphasis the basic ethical themes of the Good, the End, Value, Happiness and dependence and independence with regard to popular norms.

Though Aristotle's ethics is the crowning achievment of ancient thought, it suffers two major defeats: it strives for " . . . an End which, in fact, eludes us, vanishes within our grasp"; and because of its emphasis upon Happiness it ultimately " . . . leaves us enclosed in love of ourselves." Both of these defeats are overcome as a result of Christianity, which brings us to the realization that man's subjective ultimate End and the absolute ultimate End are one.

After the advent of Christianity, according to Maritain, there are no " . . . basic new departures in moral philosophy" until Kant. Despite his great admiration for Kant, Maritain charges him with having introduced a separation between the ethical universe and the universe of nature which prepares the way for "The Great Illusions" as represented by the systems of Hegel, Marx and Comte. More than half the book is devoted to these last three thinkers who are the determining influences in what Maritain describes as " . . . a period of utter confusion, a state of permanent crisis."

In each instance we have a significant development of what began with Kant, namely, the loss of a truly transcendent principle as the foundation of moral life. God, Maritain asserts, becomes lost in Hegel through excessive immanentization and the near deification of man. Marx's thought, while manifesting a proper concern for the dehumanization of man and embodying a certain Christian legacy, is ultimately undermined in virtue of the subordination of the individual to society and the reduction of historical meaning to necessary economic laws.

The extensive treatment accorded Comte is at first surprising until one realizes that Comte, from Maritain's perspective, represents a kind of *reductio ad absurdum* of certain tendencies (rationalism, scientism, relativism, non-transcendent humanism) which have in varying degrees characterized modern thought.

The third and final section of Maritain's work is entitled: "Moral Philosophy's Crisis of Re-orientation." It is Maritain's position that in Kierkegaard, Sartre, Dewey and Bergson we have an effort of moral philosophy " . . . to rediscover itself by rediscovering, in opposition to Kant, its realist and 'cosmic' character, and, in opposition to Hegel, Marx and Comte, the primary truths on which it rests in the recesses of the human person."

In spite of the dangers of oversimplification and misrepresentation, I would like to pose a few difficulties that occurred to me in my journey through this formidable work. The approach which Maritain makes to the great systems is conditioned by the nature of the work whose purpose " . . . is doctrinal in order, not historical." Thus the individual thinkers are analyzed from a particular viewpoint or "frame of reference" whose principal inspiration is the thought of St. Thomas Aquinas but which Maritain would prefer to designate *philosophia perennis*. Maritain has no hesitancy in affirming that his " . . . approach is no other than the method used with such care by Aristotle. . . . "

It is not surprising then that Maritain's critique has both the strengths and weaknesses of Aristotle's. It is clear, orderly and unequivocal in what it holds to be the truth and what it views as deviations from the truth. On the other hand, there is little or no consideration of that concrete contextual complexity which characterizes a more historical approach and which alone can give us an insight into the interior life and dynamism of a great thinker's experience and thought. Briefly, Maritain's critique of the great systems of philosophy tells us much more about Maritain's system than it does about those which he is examining.

Another difficulty, closely allied to the first, has to do with Maritain's attitude toward modern philosophy. He tells us that one of the subjective satisfactions of composing this work was that it gave him an opportunity " . . . to pay my respects to, and thus take leave of, the philosophers—in particular the modern philosophers, whose historical work it was once claimed I purely and simply rejected."

My difficulty does not stem from

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any failure on Maritain's part to accord respect and give serious consideration to the great thinkers of the modern era. Nor does he at any time indulge in unnecessarily hostile and polemical attacks. Rather, my difficulty arises from an inability to understand the greatness of these men, given Maritain's evaluation of their efforts. The picture which emerges from his critique of these thinkers is of a stream of errant geniuses who in spite of their sincerity and great minds fail to grasp certain fundamental and indubitable truths.

Despite a sophisticated presentation, I think that Maritain still adheres to what we might call the "wrong turn" interpretation of modern philosophy—at a particular moment in history the leading thinkers turned away from the *real*, and despite their genius and subsequent accidental contributions, modern thought ever since has been basically wrong-headed and steeped in error.

Even when Maritain concedes to the modern thinker a valid insight it invariably turns out to be a truth already discovered by the ancients or medievals, and usually grasped much more adequately by them. One startling example of this is Maritain's contention that Sartre's "morality of situation," in so far as it is true, is echoing " . . . a very old truth on which the Thomists unceasingly insist in their theory of *prudentia*. . . ."

A more general indication of this tendency is the way in which Maritain assimilates the "philosophies of process" within the perennial philosophy. A footnote in the chapter on Dewey gives a fair expression of Maritain's view: " 'To be is to be in process, in change,' he (Dewey) said. . . . Victims of a *trompe-l'oeil*, many American readers recognize themselves in this formula, which in itself is quite Hegelian if one sees in it a definition (being consists of changing, of becoming), but which in reality only expresses—in the terms of a defective vocabulary—a truth long since proclaimed by Aristotle, if one sees in it a statement of fact concerning our material world (everything here below changes. . .)."

Heaven knows, much that is superficial and romantically rhapsodical has been written under the heading "philosophy of process," but is Maritain's estimate really the whole of it? Is it all reducible to the assertion that matter changes while essences are immutable?

Whereas the philosophers of process claim that the affairs of time bite into the very fabric of man and reality, continually modifying and transforming the nature of both, Maritain would seem to hold that, at most, temporal processes nibble on the outer edges of man and reality, leaving their essential centers completely untouched. The implications of this for moral philosophy are crucial; given a reality and human nature whose essential structure and principles are immutable and which can be, in fact have already been, discovered, the task of moral philosophy is limited to reaffirming these principles and discovering how they operate in particular situations.

I would mention one more difficulty that emerges for a reader of this work, namely, the relation of moral theology to moral philosophy. In a brief section entiled "Revealed Ethics," Maritain asserts the following: "Humanity finds itself in the presence of a *revealed ethics*, an essentially religious ethics. It is given to man with the absolute, unquestionable, infallible authority which belongs to the Word of God. . . . The moral order in consequence will acquire a fixity, a solidity, a rigor; it will deliver itself in unconditional commandments and in absolute requirements. . . . The rules of human conduct no longer have to be discovered by the gropings of the tribe's collective conscience or by the philosophical reason. They are made manifest by God Himself, in a code of morality from on high."

These statements taken at face value would seem to put moral philosophy out of business or at least reduce it to a consideration of subsidiary and secondary concerns. Needless to say, Maritain would reject such an inference. He insists upon both a necessity and kind of autonomy for moral philosophy pointing out the destructive consequences of transferring ". . . the features of the morality of the Ten Commandments to the natural moral law as it derives from reason alone. . . . "

Since, however, this "natural moral law" must of necessity be coincident with revealed ethics, it is difficult to see how Christian philosophy (at least as understood by Maritain) can escape the charge that in the final analysis it is a rational apologetic for a view of morality which is already given and must be accepted in its general principles and fundamental structure on faith. Moral philosophy would seem to become simply an exercise in reflection whose authenticity is tested in terms of its conformity to principles that have been given once and for all and which are beyond serious rational investigation and criticism.

Maritain implies that this is his final philosophical endeavor and if this is so it is a most worthy and provocative conclusion. Whatever dissents one might have with him, it is hoped that Maritain's effort to " . . . clear the ground and to open avenues. . . . " will call forth other attempts to re-think the great questions of our moral tradition.

Dante, Pound and Chicken-Farming

A Piece of Lettuce. By George P. Elliott. Random House. $4.95.

by John P. Sisk

WRITERS LIKE Thoreau, Orwell and Eric Gill have a great advantage when they collect their essays: neither variety of subject nor passage of time keeps them from sounding always like themselves. Less heroically homogeneous personalities who have not deceived themselves must confront the fact that time has changed or qualified their thinking. For this reason it may be necessary in simple honesty to admit, as Norman Podhoretz does about his recent collection of essays, that one no longer agrees with parts of his book. But since this amounts to asking the reader to read what is no longer entirely acceptable to the writer it may be better still to rewrite.

This is apparently what Mr. Elliott

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has done with his seven years' harvest of his own essays. No doubt the rewriting helps to explain why *A Piece of Lettuce* is so all of a piece and why it has everywhere the stamp of the author's approval. In the unity, however, there is both variety and range. Mr. Elliott writes of Raymond Chandler, Dante, chicken farming, Mark Twain, anthropology, Orwell, photography, the cold war, Ezra Pound, modern criticism, the pursuit of fun, Henry James, bourgeois boredom and his own growing up.

The book is, indeed, a good deal more autobiographical than such collections usually are. Mr. Elliott remembers his youth with wit and charm, but always with his eye on the larger issues that events in his early years dramatically anticipated. He writes of his coming of age on a carob plantation with a view to exposing the naive and dangerous assumptions of anthropologists who, like so many of us, have forgotten that selfconsciousness "is one sort of deafness to the word of God." In the title essay the immediate issue is a piece of lettuce in his brother's eye, but the ultimate issue is the gap between bourgeois mediocrity and a sense of wonder. In "A Brown Fountain Pen," the account of his father's descent into an outdoor privy to retrieve a precious pen, leads to the distinction between a sentimental and perverse wallowing in the slime and a descent into it in order to soar.

The ironic movement from announced to ultimate subject is, in fact, one of the unifying factors in the book. Raymond Chandler's style is less interesting to Mr. Elliott than the extent to which that style has affected the reader's way of viewing California reality. The superb essays on Pound and Dante are most memorable for the fresh treatment of the problem of poetry and belief and for the dissection of the esthetic heresy. Similarly, in "Critics and Criticism" the ultimate subject is esotericism; in "George Orwell," the prison of materialism; in "Photographs and Photographers," the inhumanity of the artist as saint.

The book is informed with a passionate common sense, thanks to which its author is able to attack extreme positions without ceasing to understand and even sympathize with them and without sounding like a trimmer. In the essay on Pound he steers a vigorous and positive course between the opposed extravagances of Hugh Kenner and Karl Shapiro. He sees that Orwell was "indifferently skeptical about matters of the greatest importance" and yet "served as a sort of corrective to the esoterics who have been overrunning literary criticism." As to esotericism itself, it is a form of extremism holding "that we should settle for nothing less than masterpieces" and is therefore repugnant to Mr. Elliott; still he knows that the esoterics are dragons who sometimes guard 24-carat treasure.

It is a beautifully written book—high-spirited, subtle but never precious, personal but never cranky. At times, too, it is frightening, nowhere more notably than in the essay "Home Again." Here the author recounts his return from the dream-world of Venice to "the public monstrosities and private absurdities" of California in the Berlin crisis. In the midst of this harrowing experience a mysterious explosion jars the area and he sees suddenly on the faces of his neighbors "the wish for one trouble so big that they could give up trying to manage it." That the monstrosities and absurdities of the world are intolerable in proportion to one's attempt to escape from them is central to the whole book.

The Rise of Labor

Organized Labor in Amercian History. By Philip Taft. Harper & Row. $12.50.

by Thomas R. Brooks

PROFESSOR Philip Taft has taken a long, hard look at the history of American labor and has found the surviving product, business unionism, good. Business unionism, writes Professor Taft, "stresses limited objectives, immediate improvements and eschews broader programs of social and political change." And, "in contrast to the ephemeral programs of social and political reform offered to American labor, business unionism has remained the permanent expression of organized workers seeking remedies for the evils and problems arising in the place of employment."

The operative words are "ephemeral," "offered," and "permanent." It's as if that whole side of labor history which finds unionists agitating on social questions were but a passing aberration coming from outside labor rather than a lasting strain that has re-occurred, now strong, now weak, from the Workingmen's Parties of the 1830s down to the latest speech of Walter P. Reuther. Not that Professor Taft leaves out these developments; the material for other conclusions than his is amply present

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in his book. There is a wealth of detail packed into this hefty volume of some 800 pages.

However, although the scholarship is impeccable, the style is pedestrian. I find it difficult to separate the style from Professor Taft's overview of American labor. His is certainly pragmatic; my own perhaps more romantic. But American labor has aspired to something more than just business unionism, the mere bargaining over wages and working conditions. At its best, it has brought some measure of industrial democracy into the mines and mills of the land. It has also helped to bring about the reforms we now associate with the New Deal. And whatever hopes we have of succeeding in the war against poverty rest in no small measure on political support from the unions and unionists. (Perhaps there isn't enough but there is certainly more than from any other institution in America with the possible exception of the churches.) All this adds up to something more than Professor Taft's business unionism.

Professor Taft, I think, slights the radical in American labor history; he doesn't think much of its dreamers. In so far as the writing of history involves a choice of heroes, Professor Taft has chosen Samuel Gompers, a founder and first president of the American Federation of Labor. (In the same sense, Professor Taft is an AFL man rather than, say, a CIO man.) Gompers certainly epitomizes business unionism, which he characterized as a quest for "more and more." So, in the light of Professor Taft's overall view, one can't really quarrel with his choice.

But that very choice illumines the inadequacy of what is essentially a Panglossian outlook. (Gompers, really, was a dreadful man when compared with Eugene V. Debs, or the tragic figures of Peter J. McGuire, a founder of the AFL and the Carpenters, and William D. Haywood, the leader of the Wobblies.) It leaves no room for tragedy. The rise and fall of the Knights of Labor, for example, was a tragedy. But in Professor Taft's view, the decline of the Knights proves only the correctness of the tactics of its rival, the then infant AFL.

Professor Taft places the demise of the Knights, in the late 1880s, within the context of a fruitless squabble with the unions of the AFL. Since the latter were too weak to do much other than denounce the Knights verbally, Professor Taft sees the extinction of the Knights in its failure to serve its members adequately and in its "ill-defined purpose." But the truth is that the Knights of Labor was smashed by the powers of the day, the nation's coal and rail barons. The AFL survived because it was weak and ineffectual; it was no threat to the establishment of the time. The Knights dared to confront Jay Gould—and the whole economic system for which he stood—and lost.

To write off the Knights, Debs, Haywood and McGuire as failures does less than justice to the history of American labor. There is more to it than the inevitable evolution of a successful business unionism. Fortunately, the reader can discover for himself in the ample detail provided by Professor Taft that the fabric of history, even labor history, has more than one strand.

Church Structures

Structures of the Church. By Hans Küng. Thomas Nelson and Sons. $7.50.

by Daniel J. O'Hanlon

FOR CENTURIES before the Reformation the cry had been heard on all sides for a reform of the Church in head and members. Again and again this appeal became part of the *Acta* of Church Councils. However, we know that apathy and corruption in high places frustrated this desire for reform. Yet even if apathy had turned to zeal and corruption had given way to integrity, real reform of the Church could hardly have taken place at that time. For genuine reform requires much more than personal virtue and enthusiasm. It also requires sure understanding of where to draw the line between the essential and the expendable in the life of the Church.

Unless would-be reformers can distinguish the invariable structures of what they want to reform from its changing expressions, they come to their work with an unsure hand. Take liturgy, for instance. As long as no one could say for sure which elements in the Church's worship were constant and which were only suvivals from dead historical situations, no one dared touch anything for fear of throwing away unrecognized treasures. But now that the historical studies of men like Jungmann have identified the essential elements of Christian worship and unmasked many parts of the liturgy as accidental and expendable, radical liturgical reform has become a practical possibility almost overnight. Indeed, it has become in principle an actuality: the Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy, the most far-reaching reform of the Church's worship in at least a millenium, could pass last year at Vatican II with practical unanimity (2147 to 4).

When Pope John announced the Council in 1959, Hans Küng began asking himself what this event should and could mean for the reform of the Church herself. The next year his first reflections appeared *(Konzil und Wiedervereinigung, The Council, Reform and Reunion)*, a concrete, provocative, wide-ranging program for reform. Two years later, shortly before the Council began, the original German edition of *Structures of the Church* was published. In this scholarly book for theologians, the Council is taken as a prism to reveal the essential components of the Church herself. The most interesting and important feature of the book is that Küng disqualifies no questions. Instead of avoiding questions for which there are not yet adequate answers, he deliberately searches them out, especially by listening carefully to Protestant difficulties. Some samples: Must all valid ecumenical Councils be convoked by the pope? May and should laymen take part in a Council with full voting rights? What answer does the New Testament give to the question about apostolic succession? How can the supreme authority of a Council be reconciled with the supreme authority of the pope? What happens if the pope falls into heresy or

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schism? Can a pope define doctrine infallibly independently of the Church?

It must have been no small satisfaction to Küng, less than two years after this book was published, to sit in the experts' tribune in St. Peter's and hear Pope Paul remind the Council Fathers that the concept of the Church "still needs to be expressed with greater precision," that "its full and profound truth still needs to be more and more brought to light," that "it lies within the very nature of the Church to be always open to new and greater exploration."

As dialogue and study in the light of the Gospel identify ever more precisely the inviolable structures of Christ's Church, the Council's work of reform (which has only begun) can progress with growing assurance. *Structures of the Church* has given us a running start.

Life in Morocco

A Life Full of Holes. By Driss ben Hamed Charhadi. Grove Press. $5.

by Michele Murray

FOR A LONG time men of the West have been attracted by various alien civilizations: Marco Polo, Father Ricci, Mohammed Marmaduke Pickthall as representative figures and *Paul et Virginie* or *Typee* as representative books testify to a persistent longing to be rid of the shackles of our rational, mechanical civilization in favor of those Isles of the Blessed which always recede somewhere over the Western horizon. Zen Buddhism takes it place as merely the last in a long line of such enthusiasms.

The American writer Paul Bowles was attracted by the North African Moslem world some years ago, made his home on the Mediterranean littoral and has since written both fiction and non-fiction set in that world. Now he presents his English translation of the first novel ever produced in Moghrebi, a North African Arabic dialect—produced, because it was not written but rather tape-recorded by its author, an illiterate Moroccan named Driss ben Hamed Charhadi. (Even here, however, the mechanical products of the West insidiously infiltrate; without the tape recorder, there would be no book.)

Anyone who is skeptical about the vaunted merits of the simple, organic life will find his skepticism reinforced by *A Life Full of Holes*. That life is incredibly poor and brutal, people largely untrustworthy and, in this book, at least, there are none of the emotional compensations Westerners sigh for.

Nor is the book itself particularly interesting, except for the last fifty pages, which tell a connected story of the corruption of two European men who come to Morocco to open a carpentry shop and share a discreet homosexual life. Ahmed, the narrator, becomes their servant and observes the merciless sequence of events as one of the men, besotted by his lust first for one young Moslem then another, turns over to his lovers his business, his money, his possessions and his self-respect. The narrative fluency here is almost flawless.

For the rest, the book is a *couscous* of disjointed chapters detailing Ahmed's struggle for survival—he is betrayed, he goes to jail, he goes home, he finds a woman, and so on. That is all. There is no perception of cause and effect, there is only a rudimentary psychology. As Allah wills it, so it is. As it is written, so it is. Is Ahmed cheated? By the will of Allah. Does he lie to save his own skin? So Allah wills. For all that it may have the authentic Islamic flavor, it must be admitted that all this resignation, this refusal to consider individual motives or reasons, makes for a consistent dullness.

It is possible, of course, that an adverse opinion testifies only to blindness in the face of an alien convention—and one *should* be wary of judging that which is strange. On the other hand, strangeness and newness are not in themselves criteria of excellence; there is no reason why the work of illiterates or children, if it comes equipped with the pretensions to art, should not be set up against the standards commonly used for considering works of serious fiction. And by those standards, *A Life Full of Holes* is an experiment that has largely failed.

Still, it is of no importance. Success or failure, good or bad, all shall be as Allah wills. So it is written. Or, rather, dictated.

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"THE BRAZILIANS have re-introduced a classical political sanction (the Greeks called it 'ostracism') here — rather like the referee sending a player to the bench for gouging. It wouldn't get by John Stuart Mill, but it strikes us as a cheerful improvement on shooting at sunrise. Juscelino Kubitschek's complaints are unconvincing. Why didn't he complain when Goulart was engaged in driving his country to ruin?"

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